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January 14, 1978

Mid-term Madness

Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter strolled hand in hand down the streets of Daulatpur-Nastrabad, India, last week while the Untouchables applauded. A year ago January 20 they were strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue while we clapped and whistled at the Inaugural, and his popularity soared in the symbolism of the walk. A lot has happened since then and his popularity has sunk worse than the Dow Jones index. Some of my colleagues have given him up as a one-term president; he hasn't got the personality, they say.

Ah, yes, they said that about Truman, too, you remember. These things are deceptive. I have in front of me the crumbly copy of a well-known liberal magazine, *The New Republic*, of April 5, 1948 with a front cover headline, "TRUMAN SHOULD QUIT," and an editorial inside explaining why. Everybody liked Harry, of course, it said. He was doing the best he could and it was a relief to have a low-keyed figure in the White House for a while after Roosevelt. The media explored his personality and told how he had taken music lessons in Independence and how, unlike Washington and Lincoln, he could play "The Missouri Waltz" from memory. It was true, also, that he was uncomplicated and direct and that people felt he was honest even though he gave misguided loyalty to people like Ed Pauley, whom he retained as adviser too long. On the other hand, he couldn't seem to rouse excitement in people: after one of his speeches he hadn't inspired enough fanatical warmth, either for him or against him, to boil an egg. He attempted to toot the inspirational trumpet once or twice but it emitted a low, melancholy note. (Ultimately, of course, he dropped prepared texts and Gave-'Em-Hell.) In April 1948, the sharp observers had given him up.

Truman had trouble with Congress, too: didn't seem to know how to manage it. In the first year with a Democratic legislature he got hardly anything passed: it rejected his proposals on housing, unemployment compensation, strategic stockpiling, a public works central agency, a fair employme practices commission and a minimu wage boost. He was asking too muc they said. Ultimately he did better foreign affairs; he got through tl Marshall Plan that saved Europe. H one big domestic achievement was th Full Employment Act which for the fir time acknowledged government's re sponsibility for trying to deal with th business cycle. (Its modern successor i the Humphrey-Hawkins bill.)

The danger about counting out a incumbent president too early is tha there's a cycle in these things. We elect a president, idolize him for a brief honeymoon period, then joyously try tc destroy him for a couple of years. The other end of this cycle comes in 1979-80. By that time the public is bored with the noisy flock of press starlings pecking at the chief of state and starts sympathizing with him.

In practical terms the idea of the Democrats not renominating Carter in 1980 is absurd; a party can't repudiate its leader and hope to win itself. And the difficulty for the Republicans is that they have Ronald Reagan and the hardline crowd on their necks. It's easy to beat Carter until you try to decide with whom. Some Republicans presently are euphoric: "Anybody can win!" Who will be the Tom Dewey this time?

Rarely has America had so much to do—so much social legislation jammed up through the years of Viet Nam and Nixon: tax and welfare reform; enactment of new instruments that every other industrial nation has (including Canada)—health insurance, family allowances and the like. The new Social Security law is the largest tax bite in history; I predict it won't last five years. Funds have to come in part from general revenues eventually as they do elsewhere, instead of being raised by regressive imposts.

Meanwhile we have a mid-term election coming up this year that might tell us something, though probably less than is imagined. For 120 years, beginning with and including 1858, the "out" party in the US (the one that doesn't control the White House), with one exception, has won seats in the House at mid-term elections. The sole exception was 1934 when the hurricane from the Great Depression was still roaring and Republicans lost 14 more seats. The results of the mid-term election are so constant that James MacGregor Burns proposes they be abolished and members of the House serve four-year terms congruent with the president.

(continued on page 38)

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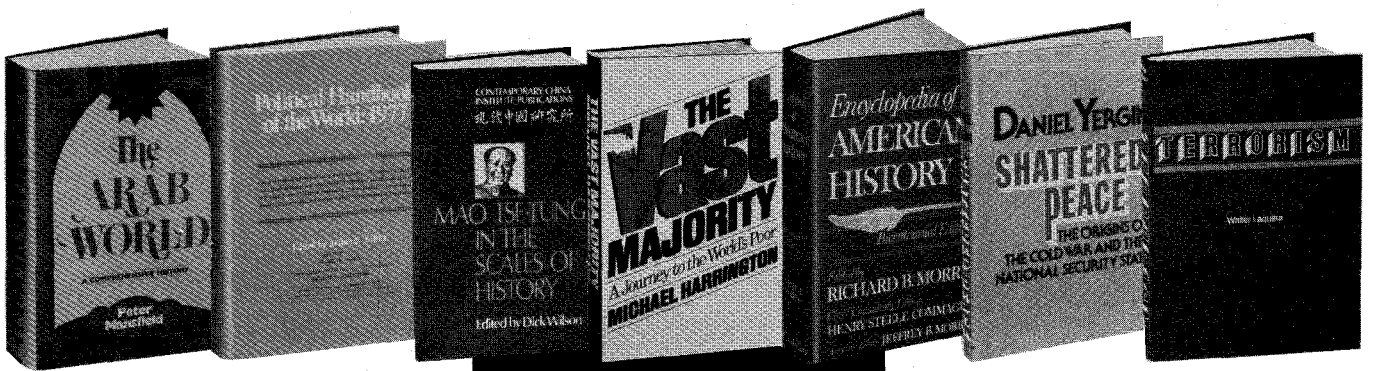

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Contents

TRB from Washington	2	**Mid-term Madness**
Comment	5	**Media Diplomacy** **The White Hat**
	7	**Correspondence**
Ken Bode	8	**Carter and the Canal**
Robert Lekachman	10	**The Business Confidence Racket**
Henry Fairlie	12	**An Idea Whose Time is Never**
John Kenneth Galbraith	15	**The Trouble With Economists**
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	22	**Theater**
Herbert Mitgang	24	**Carl Sandburg**
		Books Considered
Robert M. Cover	26	**Government by Judiciary by Raoul Berger**
Russell L. Caplan	28	**The Ages of American Law by Grant Gilmore** **Denial of Justice by Lloyd L. Weinreb**
Michael Walzer	30	**Terrorism by Walter Laqueur** **The Terrorizers by Donald Hamilton**
Pauline Maier	31	**Mary Ritter Beard edited by Ann J. Lane**
Marie Syrkin	32	**Letters to an American Jewish Friend by Hillel Halkin**
John Seelye	34	**Reconsideration: Fanny Hill by John Cleland**
Roger Rosenblatt	36	**The Back of the Book: Close Reading Carter**
Francis Fox Piven *Richard A. Cloward* *Daniel Patrick Moynihan*	37	**The Wiley Controversy**
Washington Diarist	42	**Disinformation**

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 14, 1978

Media Diplomacy

If Israeli-Egyptian peace talks, resuming with a meeting of foreign ministers in Jerusalem on January 15, are to lead to a felicitous conclusion, it seems to us that all the principals—including President Carter—should take temporary vows of silence, particularly when they are facing the television cameras.

We are not, needless to say, advocating a Middle East settlement based on secret covenants. Negotiators should report to the world, as they go along, whatever progress or lack of progress occurs in their immensely complex diplomatic enterprise. But we do perceive a danger that the negotiating process may be undermined by too much public palaver. This palaver often tends to be misinterpreted or "jazzed up," as we say in our trade, by harried reporters and commentators working against rigid deadlines, triggering, in turn, more talk and more confusion on the part of the principals who no longer seem entirely sure who means what.

We do not wish to take away the credit the US television networks unquestionably deserve for their role in launching the great initiatives of the Sadat-Begin encounters (although chances are that the breakthrough would have come even without television). We are concerned, however, that the emerging pattern of instant statement and counter-statement in Cairo and Jerusalem (with Washington chiming in with a frequency intended to assure the world that Jimmy Carter is very much in the diplomatic picture) may cause unnecessary damage to the delicate negotiations.

Rare is the evening when we are not treated on the tube to a Sadat interview (or several of them) and a Begin interview. In this system of electronic journalism, Begin is informed by a TV reporter of what Sadat had said 30 minutes earlier to a colleague in Egypt—and he reacts to it without the benefit of studying the actual text of the remarks. This works in reverse, too. And the same happens with both Begin and Sadat when Carter has something to say: reactions based on incomplete and oversimplified versions of what had been said.

It is the business of journalists, electronic and otherwise, to ask questions. But it does not follow that Begin, Sadat and Carter should be so careless in offering instant answers. Sadat, in particular, has been victimized by reporters virtually putting words in his mouth, as Murray Marder has pointed out in *The Washington Post*.

The result of this breathless practice is that the real situation, whatever it is, tends to be obfuscated by dramatic television and newspaper stories reporting deadlocks and stalemates that do not necessarily exist. These stories sometimes ignore efforts by Sadat and Begin to maintain that, after all, there still are sound reasons to remain optimistic.

An example of the chaos caused by over-enthusiastic media diplomacy was Carter's comment in his year-end interview with US television reporters that he opposed the creation of a radical Palestinian state. This added nothing to the known American position: Carter has favored a Palestinian "entity" or "homeland," but certainly not an independent PLO-type sovereign nation. Washington news stories, however, erroneously presented Carter's remark as full backing for Begin's West Bank plan, and we were off on a new wild goose chase for "developments." Sadat unwisely allowed himself to be quoted as saying that he was "embarrassed" and that Carter had made his job more difficult. Of course he never *said* these things. The words were suggested to him by anxious TV correspondents. Sadat kept replying, "for sure, I am. . . . ", before having fully digested the Carter transcript. That evening, we were informed by the media that a "deadlock" had developed between Israel and Egypt,

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even though it is widely known that Sadat has as little use for a radical Palestinian state as Begin has.

There were urgent telephone conversations—Carter to Sadat and Carter to Begin—and, finally, the President was forced to race to Aswan from Saudi Arabia last Wednesday to set the whole matter straight. The only relatively original thing Carter said in Aswan was that a peace settlement "must recognize the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people and enable the Palestinians to participate in the determination of their own future." This pleased Sadat, who must play a highly careful game on the West Bank issue, and did not seem to disturb Begin once he read the Carter text. But for several hours, news agency dispatches from Aswan depicted Carter as shifting US policy in Egypt's favor, which was not the case. The saving grace in this instance was that Begin had been informed beforehand what was in Carter's declaration.

What the President meant by letting Palestinians participate in the "determination" of their future requires further clarification. It obviously is not the equivalent of "self-determination," an expression abhorred by Begin and evidently not one desired by Sadat to judge from his happy reaction to Carter's words. In the end, if we understand correctly what happened in Aswan, all principals are agreed on the need to iron out basic "principles" of the negotiation—including the Palestinian issue. "Principles" are what Israeli and Egyptian foreign ministers (with Secretary of State Vance hovering in attendance) are supposed to be discussing in Jerusalem next week. This, naturally, makes excellent sense, especially if the participants in the Jerusalem conference, when confronted by TV cameras and microphones, have the wisdom to just smile and wave.

The White Hat

When the Democratic National Committee meets later this month, the first order of business will be the piping on board of a new chairman. The designee is John White, 53, a Texan who now holds the number-two spot at the Department of Agriculture. He is not the technician, the nuts-and-bolts party pol that the White House reportedly was looking for. Nor does he bring the automatic stature of a former governor that his predecessor, Kenneth Curtis, invested unsuccessfully in the position. Still, White is expected to win unanimous approval, not only because he is the President's choice, but because by all appearances. President Carter has chosen very well.

One of John White's major qualifications is that he has no enemies. After the internecine wars that have raged within the Democratic party over the past 10 years, it's all but impossible to find someone who doesn't provoke opposition in some quarter. But Carter found the man. White survived a quarter century in rough and tumble of Texas politics and left no bodies his wake. Before coming to Washington last Mar White won 13 consecutive statewide races for Te Agriculture Commissioner. In so doing, he banke wealth of political experience, demonstrated his tale as an administrator and proved a capacity to ra money, all attributes that will set well with Democra elected officials.

White describes himself as a political moderate. 1976, he supported Texas native son Lloyd Bentsen the primaries, then got behind Carter in the gener election. He once ran for state chairman in Texas an lost by two votes to a pipsqueak reactionary named Ro Orr who had the backing of former national chairma Robert Strauss, then serving as DNC treasurer. Unlik Strauss, White never viewed the Texas party as bein in its fullest flower when under the care of Joh Connally. That will help with the liberals on the DNC

Probably White's most reassuring credential is tha he's a strict party loyalist from a state where party loyalty ebbs and flows with the stakes at each election In 1952, White was the only statewide elected officia who refused to follow the lead of nominally Democratic Governor Alan Shivers by supporting Dwight Eisenhower for President and cross-filing for office on both the Republican and Democratic party tickets. White stuck with Stevenson, ran only as a Democrat and won anyway. In 1972, when the Texas Democratic establishment abandoned the presidential candidacy of George McGovern, White took on the job of managing McGovern's campaign in Texas.

John White wisely asked for, and got, an assurance from Carter that he'd have a "free hand" at the DNC. The press interpreted this to mean a right to staff the place as he saw fit, but it actually means much more than that. It means, first of all, that John White might escape the fate of his predecessor—that of having the national committee run behind the scenes from the White House which inevitably involves the President in battles he could otherwise avoid. The major party events of the next year—the upcoming decisions on party rules, the mid-term elections, the December policy conference—should be managed entirely from the DNC, with minimal White House involvement. Carter's 1978 agenda is full enough, and his Democratic majority is fragile enough, that he should absolutely avoid having his own party's support on questions of public policy eroded by political scars accumulated in battles among various Democratic party factions. John White is experienced and savvy enough to understand that, and to execute the job of national chairman in the best interest of a Democratic president without overdrawing White House political capital. He will be a tough, independent adviser, and he might just achieve one task that the Georgia inner circle has not been able to accomplish—that of building a base for Jimmy Carter within his own party.

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Correspondence

One possible solution . . .

To the editors:

I found your editorial "The Right to Smoke" (*TNR*, Dec. 10, 1977) singularly unpersuasive. Let me say at once that I am a nonsmoker; that cigarette smoke is "genuinely annoying" to me, as well as "dangerous" (I use your terms); and that I am not ready to accept the principle that because "smokers are killing themselves doesn't mean they aren't entitled to some consideration when the balance of inconvenience is being weighed." When you are talking about my health, I do not like it to be reduced to a balance of inconvenience. Nor do I accept the principle that because "everyday life carries with it inevitable irritations, and even health risks," we should put up with further hazards.

Not at all: those who want to kill themselves by smoking may be morally entitled to do so—though I would disagree—but there is no justification for allowing them to poison those around them. The ban on cigars and pipes in aircraft is wrong because it is inadequate. Even with segregation in the rear of the plane, there are those nonsmokers who are afflicted because they must sit in proximity to the smoking section. You speak of "an occasional whisp of smoke." Nonsense: I make it a point to ask to be seated at least several rows from the smoking section; and I will no longer travel on the smaller Lufthansa aircraft, because they divide smokers and nonsmokers by the aisle, which is simply not enough.

You are not in fact paying attention here to what is actually happening. The growing tendency to separate smokers and nonsmokers has made the latter more sensitive than ever—physically sensitive—to smoke. What's more, it has made the penalty for those who sit among smokers heavier than before.

You write that smokers "can cough and wheeze and die slowly among their own kind." Apparently a lot of smokers now realize this and ask to be seated in the nonsmoking section of aircraft. They are ready to kill themselves slowly, but not to bear the increasing cost of breathing other people's fumes. As a result, the airlines are finding that they must reserve more and more seats for the nonsmoking section, further increasing the density of smoke in the back of the aircraft and the incentive even of smokers to avoid their own kind.

Maybe the answer is special flights for smokers, which the rest of us can avoid altogether. In the meantime, I am a great believer in having people pay with their person. If the author of your editorial really believes what he wrote, he should make it a point to sit in the smoking section of aircraft. If enough people like him to do this, this will halt the shrinkage of these sections, keep the density of smoke from rising too high, and make it possible to preserve what he looks on as "normal rules of decorum and tolerance."

The rest of us will do our best to breathe clean air.

David S. Landes
Harvard University

. . . or better yet

To the editors:

Like you, I sympathize with smokers because going without nicotine after a time results in intense withdrawal symptoms—intolerable physical and psychological distress. However, banning smoking on long flights as well as short flights need not leave the nicotine addict high and dry. Anyone needing a nicotine "fix" can obtain it from chewing tobacco or snuff, which the airlines might offer gratis.

Ben A. Benedict
Portland, Oregon

Discriminating charity

To the editors:

The comments of the Washington Diarist about the United Way ("Discrimination," *TNR*, Dec. 3, 1977) were particularly interesting to me. Being a federal employee, there is a sign in my office stating peddling, soliciting, and begging is prohibited on government premises. Somehow, this ban does not apply to the United Way. Each fall an employee is designated to solicit contributions during working hours. This exclusive recognition of one charitable organization by the federal government is wholly inappropriate.

What is my solution to the United Way headache? I obtained a list of the fund's beneficiaries. Next year I plan to make contributions based on each group's merits, saving the United Way the administrative cost of dividing my check.

Rodney Bartlow
Waukesha, Wisconsin

A Debt to McCarthy

To the editors:

Thanks for your recent article on Eugene McCarthy ("The McCarthy Decade," *TNR*, Dec. 10, 1977). He saved my political soul and those of many, many others. More than any other person he was responsible for Americans finally seeing the folly and tragedy of our involvement in Vietnam. Thank you for reminding us of our debt to him.

Donald O. Peterson
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

A fool for a client

To the editors:

Re the Washington Diarist by MEK ("Discrimination," *TNR*, Dec. 3, 1977).

With regard to your praise for the New York ruling that it is not illegal to discriminate against lawyers: the next time you are in trouble, hire a landlord.

David L. Lewis
Fordham Law School

A just reward

To the editors:

When Abraham Lincoln issued the great Emancipation Proclamation making free men of all Negro slaves in our country, he merely put into effect that part of the Declaration of Independence which stated that all men are created equal. No reward or compensation was expected from the Negroes for the proclamation of their freedom except to be decent free men.

No one should diminute the credit due Anwar Sadat for his publicly proclaiming that Israel is a free and independent state and should be treated as such. Nor should he or any of the Arab states demand any reward, compensation or tribute from Israel because of Sadat's forward step in human relations—except to be a decent, free and independent nation.

Reuben Lenske
Portland, Oregon

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Digging in on the big ditch.

Carter and the Canal

Ears back and eyes down, we are heading right into Panama Canal season. During the congressional recess the Senate's most prominent uncommitted voter, minority leader Howard Baker, was off to Panama for a private talk with President Omar Torrijos. Baker's travelling party included John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island, an announced supporter of the treaties, and Jake Garn, Republican of Utah, an avowed opponent. Twenty-five other senators already have made the pilgrimage, and there are plans for the entire foreign relations committee to go soon. Back home, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance will spend most of this working week away from his desk promoting the treaties in states whose senators are still considered uncommitted. At the same time, opponents of the treaties—including Republican Senators Paul Laxalt, Robert Dole, Orrin Hatch, Jesse Helms, Strom Thurmond, Harrison Schmitt and Garn, along with Thomas Moorer, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a passel of congressmen—have banded together as a Panama truth squad, and will take a private jet on a seven-city, coast-to-coast blitz, also aimed at areas where publicity and public opinion might be counted on to sway a vote or two.

This is only part of the preliminaries. In the Senate, where 67 votes are needed to advise and consent to the two treaties President Carter signed last September, the foreign relations and armed services committees will hold hearings this month in preparation for a full month of floor debates. Then, the propaganda battle really will be joined.

Vote counters on both sides show about 30 senators firmly against the treaties and at least that many uncommitted. Most of the undecideds are counted as covert supporters, biding their time, so the prognosis is more hopeful than the numbers make it seem. "I'm looking for a good reason to be with the President on this," says one border state freshman. "I wish he'd give me one." Majority leader Robert Byrd is the administration's manager on the Canal treaties, though his own intentions remain unannounced. Byrd has served tentative notice that senators can expect to vote on the treaties some time after the Lincoln's birthday recess. But both sides are sure that he won't call the treaties up until he's as certain as he can be that the votes are there to ratify them. Public opinion, which has run strongly against the treaties, is now only slowly beginning to show positive movement as knowledge of their content begins to sink in. But no one wants to hold off the vote if it means getting too close to the 1978 elections. Byrd seems to believe that there will be a "window" sometime in March when public support is high enough and the electoral impact still sufficien low that the treaties will have an optimum chance passage.

The key votes in the Senate will not be on the treati themselves, but on amendments or "understanding that will be attached to them. Some senators a expected to support the treaties only if Carter finds way to incorporate assurances that after the treaties g into effect, US warships still will have priority passag and that this country retains the right to interven unilaterally to keep the canal open. Amendments t that effect would surely force Torrijos to run anothe plebescite in Panama. Though the legal effect o "understandings" is less clear, this technique may avoi a second balloting in Panama. An early vote incor porating "understandings" might get the Panam matter through the Senate before treaty opponent build up pressure for full-fledged amendments.

Up to now, opponents of the treaties have been much more successful than supporters at demonstrating the strength of their cause. Mail to senators is running heavily against the treaties in nearly every office, most of it generated from within the right wing of the Republican party. At one point the mail count in Missouri Republican John Danforth's office was reported at 241 for and 12,384 against the treaties. Probably the most effective group nurturing the Panama issue to date is the American Conservative Union, which began its crusade to save the "American Canal in Panama" with a direct mail pitch signed by Strom Thurmond even before the treaty negotiations were completed. By the time of the treaty signing ceremonies in September, ACU was ready with what they called a television documentary featuring Thurmond, Laxalt, Garn, Helms, some military types and conservative Illinois congressman Phillip Crane, who solicits contributions and letters to senators no fewer than six times in the 28-minute film. During the last three months of 1977, ACU paid to run the program on about 75 local stations in the deep south, border states and sunbelt, where the treaties are already viewed most skeptically and where wavering senators might have their doubts reinforced by an increase in constituent mail. The idea was to buy up time in conservative areas and to plow back the money the early shows raised into further showings. On the basis of returns to date, ACU expects to have shown the film nationwide by the time the treaties reach the Senate floor. The ACU efforts are augmented by those of most other organizations and publications in the orbit of the American right, including the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, but with the notable exception of William Buckley's *National Review*, which backs the treaties. Never far away when money might be channeled into movement coffers, Richard Viguerie will mail five million anti-treaty tracts in the weeks

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ead, hoping to generate a million opposition letters to ongress.

The right-wing argument against the canal treaties nounts to a simple pitch. The agreements are self-duced blackmail, the ACU film charges, based on the isillanimous, weak-kneed excuse that the canal nnot be militarily defended. It's one more indication iat those who conduct our foreign policy are willing to aver, buckle and apologize to those who would estroy freedom in the world. Much favored in the remlin, the treaties amount to nothing more than roposals of giveaway and surrender, a further sign of ne crumbling of national nerve. "It's patriotism, and hat's the issue we do the best with," says Howard 'hillips, head of the Conservative Caucus. The onservative pitch really is the post-Vietnam version of tandard American jingoism, designed to arouse the uices of national manhood for a low stakes game in what the right wing considers to be little more than a banana republic. Barry Goldwater has declared, "I would have said fight for the canal, but Vietnam taught me that we *wouldn't*."

Administration lobbying for the treaties has been intense, most of it conducted outside the public eye and calculated to build support quietly and slowly. White House officials say they have conducted regional briefings for delegations from 27 states, sessions that bring politicians, business leaders, influential editors and publishers and other opinion leaders together with Carter administration officials for a series of pro-ratification lectures. The dog and pony show is not run by second stringers. Zbigniew Brzezinski kicks off the day-long briefings by explaining where the Panama treaties fit into the larger scheme of US foreign policy. He is followed by one of the treaty negotiators, Sol Linowitz or Ellsworth Bunker, who bespeaks the essential fairness of the pacts and their special necessity in Latin America. Then come the joint chiefs to address the security issues, both global and concerning defense of the canal itself. Finally, President Carter himself drops by to answer questions. Besides these performances in the center ring, the State Department has responded to 500 requests for speakers to explain the treaties' merits around the country; and months ago Commerce Department officials began calling contacts in the business community to urge support for the treaties.

White House strategists place some hope in a national committee of high-profile citizens chaired by Averell Harriman. The committee, which plans a media blitz priced at something between $600,000 and one million dollars, includes names embracing a wide spectrum of American political emotion ranging from the Republican establishment to Committee-for-the-Present-Danger Democrats: George Meany, John Wayne, General Maxwell Taylor, William F. Buckley, Shirley Temple Black, Nelson and David Rockefeller, Gerald Ford, Walt Rostow, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, Armand Hammer, Nancy Kissinger and Jerry Wurf, among many others.

The most important and convincing administration arguments for the treaties are that they embody a spirit of elemental fairness for Panama, usher out a symbol of an older era of US-Latin relations and indicate that we are ready to deal on an equal basis with smaller nations that make up two-thirds of the world community. Unfortunately, these arguments do not lend themselves to sloganeering nor to a rapid outpouring of public support. In fact, the international business community may be the one natural, self-interested constituency in support of the treaties. The Council of the Americas, which includes every major corporation with investments in Latin America, got behind the agreements early—but quietly, lest they fuel the charge that these are treaties written by Wall Street.

In recent weeks, treaty proponents have begun to respond to right-wing attacks, shifting the grounds of debate and offering a less refined case. There is no reasonable way to vote against these treaties, they say, without taking into account the probability of guerrilla war and a crippled canal; moreover, a defeat would inflame passions in the hemisphere, possibly leading to political unrest and nationalization of American commercial interests beyond Panama itself. Not only does this rhetoric validate the argument that we're backing down on Panama, but it might also become a self-fulfilling prophecy by provoking some activity among anti-US nationalists in Latin America.

The necessary two-thirds of the Senate probably already supports the treaties on the merits. But as one strategist put it, "On this one, the merits don't matter." Panama is one of those issues where too many senators would like to see it pass as long as they can remain on record as opposed to it themselves. That kind of support doesn't give much comfort to the vote counters. Also, when there are so many senators listed as uncommitted this late in the game, there is still a risk that when Robert Byrd calls up the vote some critical senator listed in the "leaning for" column will decide the issue on the basis of his mail.

If that happens and the treaties fail, then President Carter is the loser because the canal treaties have become much more important to the Carter presidency than they ever ought to have been. Carter's advisers should have recognized from the Reagan-Ford experience in 1976 that the canal issue was a flash point with the public, the sort of job you take on when you're coming off a big victory or else save for the first year of the second term. Carter's timing couldn't be worse. The treaties will arrive in the Senate as the first legislative test of a major presidential foreign policy initiative at a time when Carter is not at his strongest. The President's congressional liaison staff is not even certain that the energy deadlock—*last year's* major

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legislative test—will be broken before the Panama debate begins.

Then, too, Carter has consistently driven up the stakes on Panama, both at home and abroad—first with the elaborately staged Gilbert and Sullivan treaty signing ceremony last fall, and more recently with his year-end references to the canal as one of the most difficult problems we face, terming passage by the Senate "absolutely critical." The Panama treaties are not an intrinsically important global issue, nor remotely as important in the natural order of US interests as, say, SALT or the Middle East. But Carter has artificially inflated the Panama issue and moved it to the head of the line, and now the reputation of his presidency depends on success. If the treaties are deadlocked or defeated, Carter will lose stature and influence worldwide. Defeat will encourage the impression that the American President no longer speaks for the US, that Congress will also be an arbiter in foreign policy and that Congress is a balky and willful instrument. A loss on the treaties would alter Soviet calculations at the SALT bargaining table, for example, and would dramatically shift the odds on Senate ratification of any SALT treaty Carter negotiates. If presidential prestige is damaged on the canal issue, the principal actors in the Middle East would obviously have to think very carefully about the US role as guarantor in a peace agreement.

In an interview with four television reporters before his seven-nation trip, Carter conceded that his chief weakness is that he still finds it difficult to compromise. "But I'm learning," he said. To date, he remains immovable on Panama. The treaties are depicted as the fruits of 13 years of negotiations backed by our last five presidents. "We're voting on these treaties—no amendments, no reservations, no understandings," says a White House spokesman. "If it's a tough issue, well, then senators will have to be *senators* for a change."

That won't work. The treaties cannot be sold in their present form as superior documents, or even the best deal we're going to get. Omar Torrijos himself pulled the plug on that case when he flew back to issue a joint communique with Carter clearing up their ambiguities. Now, from Panama, minority leader Baker has expressed the view that the treaties will not pass unless the terms of that joint communique—US rights to defend the canal and priority passage in an emergency—are woven into the legal fabric. Enough other senators have expressed a similar view to make these modifications the focus of future give and take. The message to the President is clear: "Give us a little political latitude, let us put some imprint on the treaties and we'll be with you." Panama will be President Jimmy Carter's next lesson on how to compromise. He cannot afford to lose this one out of pure cussedness.

Ken Bode

What have *they* done
to give *us* confidence in *them*?

The Business Confidence Racket

The business community deeply admired Herber Hoover who nearly destroyed American capitalism anc excoriated Franklin Roosevelt who rescued it. I worshipped Dwight Eisenhower who presided over three recessions, eight years of low economic growth and exceptionally high unemployment by the criteria of the time. But it sniffed suspiciously at John Kennedy's investment tax credit and his later general tax cut, two actions that prolonged expansion during the 1960s to the very month of Richard Nixon's inauguration. Business supported Richard Nixon to the bitter end even though his policies included promotion of the 1969-1970 recession, confession early in 1971 of his conversion to the doctrines of John Maynard Keynes and in August of the same year the imposition of wage-price controls. In 1976 the business community voted overwhelmingly for Gerald Ford, whose idea of an appropriate reaction to the malignant combination of escalating inflation and unemployment was touchingly embodied in the WIN button, a source of much innocent merriment.

In short, business preference for Republicans over Democratic presidents is a triumph of heart over head. On the record business is better and profits are higher when "opponents" of business are in office than when "friends" are in the White House. I say this not to underline the conclusion that businessmen are exceptionally stupid about the locus of their own long-term interests. Of course they are. My point is different but equally obvious: whatever businessmen say about presidents and lesser politicians, they make investment decisions on grounds other than their "confidence" in the current occupant of the White House.

If corporate investment policy had coincided with Republican yearnings in 1974 and 1975, a major investment boom would have swamped Jimmy Carter and swept Gerald Ford in for a term of his own. For good and sufficient financial reasons, that investment boom has not yet materialized. Among those reasons are the high cost of energy; a weak recovery from the 1973-1975 mini-depression which so far has failed to bring into use much existing productive capacity; and a clutch of tax incentives that encourage investment abroad instead of at home. Not least important, there are disquieting signs of diminishing initiative and élan on the part of the captains of American enterprise. By contrast there is not the slightest evidence that Carter's

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ction disturbed a single investment decision.

Now the evidence from current history that Democ- ts don't discourage investment and Republicans ldom successfully promote it—and similar demon- rations that the Democrats have showered at least as any tax breaks on the affluent as have their political vals—have not deterred business apologists, from thur Burns downward, from insisting that it is esident Carter's bounden duty to reassure the siness community. As *The New Yorker* sagely re- arked, "The only way any President can gain the nfidence of that community is by turning the country ver to it, lock, stock and cash register."

As the current business pitch runs, the best way for Mr. Carter to apologize for winning the 1976 election is o adopt that year's Republican platform. It's just a natter of enlarging the investment tax credit, reducing evies on corporate profits, deregulating natural gas, onveying the bulk of proceeds from wellhead taxes to he oil companies, heeding the counsel of duPont's rving Shapiro to aim at only three and one-half ercent real growth (a figure certain to *increase* unemployment) and protecting honest Americans gainst the unscrupulous onslaught of Japanese and German competitors. And, oh yes, the President, hand on his Bible, must promise never to mention price controls, must stop worrying about those three- martini lunches and capital gains loopholes and must forget about job creation legislation. No need for him to recall campaign pledges of welfare reform, universal health coverage or aid to the blacks and unionists who nstalled him in office.

The President, more's the pity, appears to be heeding this line of chatter. Once more the time for tax reform has slipped away. Now the authorized White House leaks resound with promises of more tax breaks for business. HEW Secretary Joseph Califano plans to postpone introduction of an administration health bill until some other year. Carter has refused to endorse a program for the cities and sent its authors back to the drawing board. No wonder, in the words of *The New York Times* headline, "Business Reacts Hopefully to Carter's Tax Cut Plan." The President proposes to continue the steady downward trend in effective rates of corporate taxation by reducing the tax rate on corporate earnings from 48 to 44 percent and, for good measure, expanding the investment tax credit.

It is bad enough that the administration plans to give away so much to American corporations and wealthy individuals—already more lightly taxed than their counterparts in every advanced society except Japan. It is much worse that a new excuse—"business confidence"—is furnished for conservative opposition to everything from welfare reform to the restoration of the South Bronx. In combination with Carter's ill-conceived budget-balancing pledge, tax cuts will just about end hope for social progress. Milton Friedman and his followers, brighter in their generation than their liberal opponents, have long advocated tax reductions in good times and bad, precisely because the less money the Treasury collects the less is available for any claimant except the Pentagon.

The point is particularly valid at a time when growth rates have substantially slowed, possibly permanently. Tax cuts in 1964 and 1965 did promote enough growth actually to enlarge federal tax collections out of rising GNP. For a time Lyndon Johnson was able to combine tax boons for the majority with aid to the poor. Nothing in the economic prospect offers assurance that the fat years will return. It must follow that tax cuts and social spending are alternatives. Emphasis upon the former implies damage to the latter.

Neither because they are heavily taxed, nor for any other reasons, do our corporations deserve new inducements to do their job. As business propaganda tediously insists, the essence of the entrepreneurial function is the willing assumption of risk. Yet our major corporations, venerated and cossetted by politicians of both parties, hung like Christmas trees with gifts from the taxpayers and enormously influential in all national administrations, have become increasingly reluctant to take the chances that alone justify market capitalism. Ordinary Americans, according to the pollsters, distrust giant corporations. SEC Chairman Harold Williams reports that the "public is convinced that big business is ripping everybody off to get what it wants for itself." This must be because these corporations have indifferently played their allotted role as dependable suppliers of jobs at rising real wages and as equally reliable sources of dependable products and services.

There really is a confidence problem: not the degree of trust businessmen offer to a Democratic administration, but the amount of confidence a Democratic President, Congress, and public have left in the capacity of American business to generate enough jobs and income to gratify the reasonable expectations of their constituents. Not since the early months of the first Nixon regime have unemployment levels been remotely tolerable. For quite a while now American free enterprise has not delivered the goods. By and by someone will notice that real incomes for blue- and white-collar workers have scarcely risen in a dozen years.

What I have said implies an economic strategy quite different from that favored by reflexive tax cutters in high office and exalted academic position. The best tax cut in 1978 is zero. The best way to stimulate the economy is to divert the $25 billion apparently destined for tax reduction to direct job creation, urban aid, public housing and a start on welfare and health programs. This agenda, abhorrent as it is to conservatives, will have a fine impact upon business confidence, which has a habit of reviving as cash registers ring ever more

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insistently throughout the land. Let them ring briskly enough and, though businessmen will continue to grumble at the administration, investment will nevertheless revive. As a technique of economic stimulation, increasing public expenditure is far superior to tax reduction. More of the benefits travel to those who need them most. Appropriate attention can be paid to national priorities.

On the assumption that some kind of tax reduction in an election year is inevitable, Mr. Carter might well have some useful second thoughts about its size. A large tax cut amounts to the postponement and probable slaughter of new social initiatives. It accepts the continuation of high unemployment into the indefinite future. It amounts to the adoption of Republican priorities. Without gratitude businessmen will accept what the President offers and contribute campaign funds to the next Republican presidential candidate. The public is bright enough to vote Republicans on the Republican line. Only an Eisenho er gets reelected in the midst of a recession. If Cart wants to be a two-term President, it is none too so for him to take seriously the urban, union and lo income constituencies whose votes will be decisive 1980.

It doesn't much matter whether or not the corpora elite has confidence in Jimmy Carter. It matters great deal that President Carter seems to repose mo confidence in the business community than is whol some either for his own personal, electoral interests c the welfare of the country.

Robert Lekachma

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Fifty years ago they outlawed war.

An Idea Whose Time is Never

by Henry Fairlie

Fifty years ago on January 11, 1928, Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg published a draft treaty, the purpose of which was to outlaw war. For obvious reasons, this anniversary is easy to overlook. But there are some interesting things about it, not the least of which is that the phrase "the outlawing of war" was first used in *The New Republic*, on March 9, 1918 in an article on "The Legal Status of War" by Salmon O. Levinson. He was protesting against the fact that war is legally defined as "a contest between nations under the *sanction of international* law," and argued that it should be branded as a crime. It was to this article that the French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand was referring when he said in a speech on April 6, 1927, that the outlawing of war was an "American expression." John Dewey wrote in *The New Republic* on March 7, 1928, after Kellogg had made his proposal, that it was "an idea developed by a private citizen without official connections, one promoted without the backing of any large and well financed organization, and one promptly condemned as utopian," which had nevertheless made its way into "responsible negotiations."

One seems almost to be writing of a dream world—a proposal that the great powers and other nations should renounce the use of war as an instrument of national policy, yet it was (just barely!) in my own lifetime. In many ways, it *was* a dream world: the last year of Coolidge, the end of the 1920s, the last year before the Depression, only three years before the Japanese aggression in Manchuria. A.J.P. Taylor captured it well in his *English History, 1914-1945:* "There was a Golden Age; an illusion of rapture, soon to be dispelled. The younger generation had escaped the war and supposed that there would never be another. In 1927 [sic] all the nations of the world signed the Kellogg Pact. . . . Hatred for the Germans was forgotten. Artists and writers went to Berlin and drew their inspiration from Weimar Germany. . . . No one worried about politics and economics. Noel Coward, for example, the representative dramatist of the decade, wrote (and composed) a succession of brilliant revues for C.B. Cochran. None of them contained a sketch with any political reference. . . . Utopia was not something to be striven for; it would arrive automatically. The old order, in Marx's phrase though not for his reasons, would simply 'wither away.' These

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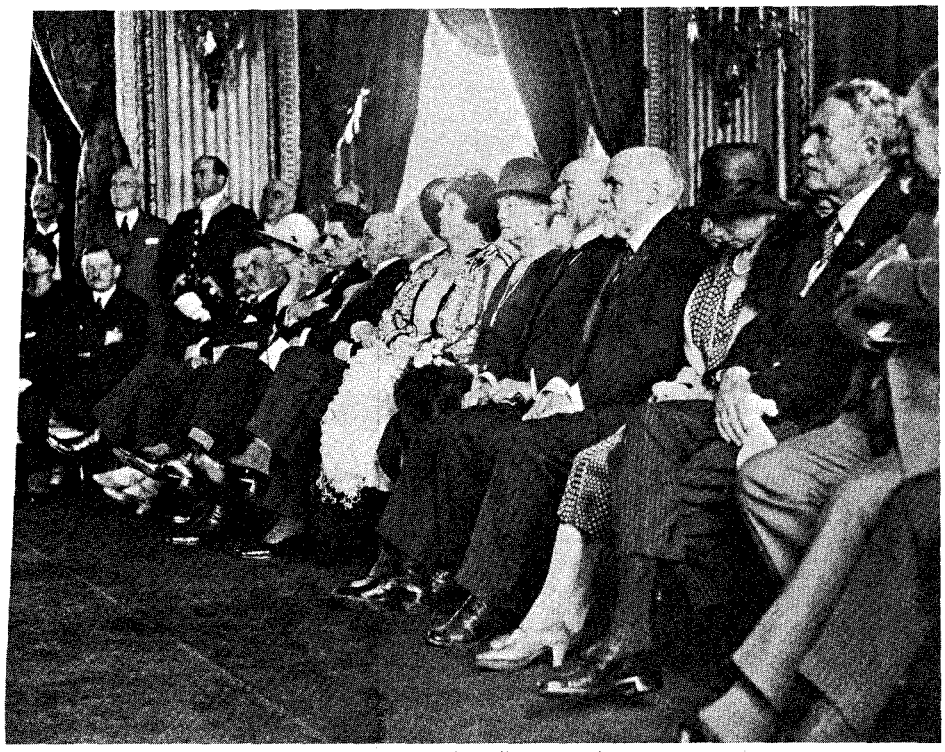

Legs crossed, hands folded, war ended: the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, August 27, 1928. Photograph by Erich Salomon from Portrait of an Age *©1967 Collier-Macmillan Canada Ltd.*

hopes were shortlived."

No responsible statesman today would propose a multinational treaty to outlaw war. But before we dismiss the proposal as no more than utopian, belonging to the dream world of the '20s, there are interesting questions which it raises.

First, let us consider the negotiations that surrounded the proposal. The idea was launched by Briand in his speech of April 1927, but he suggested only a bilateral treaty between France and America, by which the two countries would renounce the use of war against each other. Kellogg formally acknowledged his suggestion on June 11; Briand submitted his own draft treaty on June 20; Kellogg consulted with Senator William Borah of Idaho, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who induced him to substitute a multilateral treaty for a bilateral one; and it was this that Kellogg proposed in January 1928, bringing it formally to the attention of the main powers on April 13. It was then that the difficulties began to be apparent.

The European powers pointed out that a treaty outlawing war altogether was in conflict with their obligations under the League of Nations to go to the help of any member nation of the League that was the victim of aggression. The French were particularly sticky. It became clear that the intention of Briand's original proposal had been to make a treaty with the United States, with which it was unlikely to go to war, while leaving it free to go to war (with the support of the League) against any nation in Europe which threatened its security and integrity. The British were, as always, ready with a compromise. They would wholeheartedly sign the multilateral treaty, while attaching to it, in a series of notes between the powers, all the reservations that would meet the objections of France. In the end, Kellogg had to concede. To save the general principle of his treaty, he agreed that war should not be renounced as an instrument to be used against an aggressor, or in defense of the engagements undertaken under the League. It was in this form that the Kellogg Pact was signed on August 27, 1928 by the 15 major powers, and eventually by the 60 nations "of all the world."

Three years later one of the signatories, indeed one of the most eager of signers, Japan, went to war against China. The new Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, declared that America did not "intend to recognize any treaty or agreement . . . which may impair . . the sovereignty, the independence, or the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China." The Kellogg Pact, if it had ever lived, was dead.

The Kellogg Pact was the last time that the United States acted as if the New World could genuinely free itself from the corruptions and temptations, the wickedness and militarism, of the Old World. It proposed a new world order based not on a League that sanctioned the use of force, but on the renunciation of force altogether. A dream world? But let us turn aside for a moment. Others were also dreaming.

H. G. Wells was a pacifist. He also believed that mankind was progressing—by reason, by knowledge, by science—to the creation of an international order of universal beneficence and sanity. That was the theme of his *Outline of History,* and what makes it such a remarkable document. With considerable knowledge and a confident sweep, he covered the entire history of the human race in a single volume, with Progress for his theme. Yet every schoolboy knows that it has not been like that, that what history has to tell us is of a succession of fights in no-man's land. Wells ended his life in despair at the end of the Second World War. His final testament, *Mind at the End of its Tether,* was a terrible cry of pessimism. His hope of a rational and humane order had come to that.

In 1913, Wells wrote a book, now almost forgotten, called *Little Wars.* It described his hobby of playing with toy soldiers. His summary of the rules by which the Little Wars of toy soldiers should be played is 23 pages long. His account of one exemplary campaign which he fought with a friend—"The Battle of Hook's Farm"—takes all of 24 pages. He says that he invented the war

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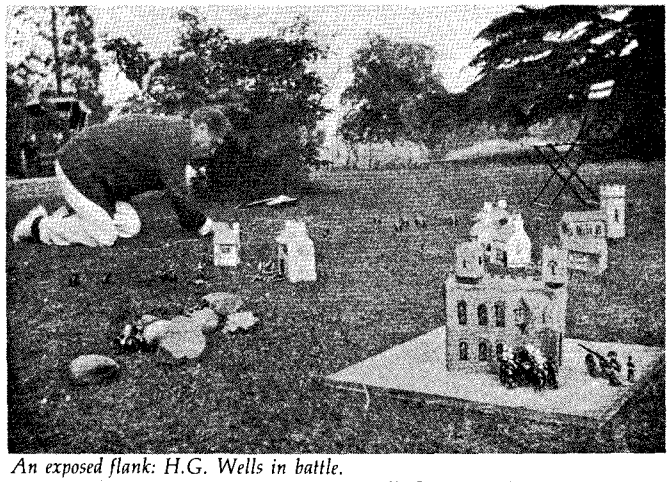
game one afternoon with his friend Jerome K. Jerome. It was made possible by the invention of "that priceless gift to boyhood," the spring-breech loader gun, "capable of hitting a toy soldier nine times out of ten at a distance of nine yards." When Jerome first fired one of the guns, it was a shot which "still echoes round the world."

Wells pays tribute to "the courage and devotion of lead soldiers," and remarks that one of the peculiar characteristics of Little Wars is that every man is "as brave and skillful as every other man." Since this was true, only a general (one of the players) could mess things up, which is art imitating life. He said that as "the chief inventor and practiser" of the game, he had enjoyed "a disproportionate share of the victories."

But his purpose was serious. "How much better is this amiable miniature than the Real Thing!" he wrote. "Here is the premeditation, the thrill, the strain of accumulating victory or disaster—and no smashed bodies, no shattered fine buildings nor devastated countryside, no petty cruelties, none of that . . . stoppage or embarrassment of every gracious, bold,



An exposed flank: H.G. Wells in battle.
Photograph from Little Wars *by H. G. Wells ©Arms and Armour Press, 1970. Courtesy The Macmillan Company, New York.*

sweet, and charming thing." In 1913, remember, he wrote this: "You have only to play at Little Wars three or four times to realize what a blundering thing Great War must be"; and a year later, the war that was christened the Great War had begun, and was not to end for four more years.

I find *Little Wars* much more telling than many of Wells's more explicitly visionary works. In the Battle of Hook's Farm, his opponent attacks with his cavalry: "I was amazed beyond measure at that rush, knowing his sabres to be slightly outnumbered by mine. In another moment all the level space around the farmhouse was a whirling storm of flashing cavalry. . . . His charge failed, and, after a brief breathing-space for my shot-torn infantry to come up, I led on the counterattack. It was brilliantly successful; a hard five minutes with bayonet and sabre, and his right gun was in our hands." Why can't all wars be fought like that? He is seriously asking that, and two Great Wars later one wishes with him.

But he was also acknowledging a combative instii in mankind. It is impossible to read the description the Battle of Hook's Farm without realizing hc familiarly he draws on the vocabulary of the memo of old generals: "And now Red was seized with th most fatal disease of generals, indecision. He wou neither abandon his lost gun nor adequately attack He sent forward a feeble little infantry attack, that v cut up with the utmost ease, taking several prisoners Wells clearly saw that people will fight. That is what h book says: People will fight, so give them Little War But he did not then stop to think why they figh However foolish the reasons for which people hav fought in the past may seem in dull retrospect, the were reasons for which people would give up thei fortunes, their security and their lives. As foolish a those for which people now give up their lives in Irelanc . . . in Cyprus . . . in Lebanon . . . in Israel . . . ? Just because we are not fighting now, for anything we think is worthwhile, we cannot dismiss those who do.

In the debate on the Kellogg Pact in the pages of *The New Republic*—which was in something of a quandary, since it supported the League but also the Pact—the great socialist journalist H. N. Brailsford raised some of these questions. Speaking of the Western democracies, he said: "Cradled in good fortune, one may readily suppose that the whole problem is to avoid war. But to peoples who live in the shadows, it may seem that change is the first essential. War is the last resort of an ambitious or downtrodden people which, by long brooding over its unheeded cry for change or redress or opportunity, has convinced itself that it will stifle, if it does not strike. To a people in that case, Mr. Kellogg's treaty forbids war, but there is no positive promise of redress by peaceful means, nor is any organization created which can bring about salutary changes in the world when changes are due."

This voice is uncomfortable, but it is strong, because the truth in it is strong. It is one reason why the Democratic party should not be worried at being called the war party. The Democrats have governed in a century of change, and change is likely to cause war, before there is a resolution. Wars occur when a conflict can be resolved in no other way, and perhaps Wells had an inkling of this: the fate of Hook's Farm could be resolved in no other way. I sometimes even think that generals should now and then be given the Nobel Peace Prize, since they return a world at peace to the politicians and diplomats who brought it to war.

All the same, Wells' invention of Little Wars must summon a response in another side of us, and so must the dream proposal of Frank B. Kellogg. As *The New Republic* said at the time, disappointed in the final form of the Pact, there was still something to be said for having even a qualified agreement, by the nations of the world, that war is a crime and ought to be outlawed. I was only a toddler when the Kellogg Pact was signed,

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it I was brought up to believe that it represented an eal to which we might and should work, with hatever sense of its impossibility. None of us now ılks of war as our parents or grandparents did in 1914, ıd that is a gain for which the naive proposals of the .ellogg Pact can take some of the credit.

The outlawing of war by the nations of all the world till exists on a piece of paper. However quickly it became defunct, it nevertheless remains there, something which 50 years later can warn us not to become too sophisticated, or so pessimistic, that we do not try again. To begin with such illusion that, like Wells, one ends only in an abyss of disillusion, is not a path to follow. But between disillusion and lack of illusion there is a world of difference which we should inhabit.

The sociology of professional contentment.

The Trouble With Economists

by John Kenneth Galbraith

By the time of the Great Depression of the 1930s economics had become a subject of respected instruction, research and public guidance in the United States and was an academic discipline of no slight prestige. Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Chicago, Princeton, California and Wisconsin were major centers of such effort. The great names in the field—F.W. Taussig, the noted Harvard teacher, tariff-maker and wartime price-fixer; Joseph Schumpeter who arrived in these years at Harvard; Fred R. Fairchild at Yale whose textbook with Furniss and Buck depressed several undergraduate generations; Edwin W. Kemmerer and Frank A. Fetter at Princeton; Wesley C. Mitchell at Columbia; F.H. Knight at Chicago; John R. Commons at Wisconsin—all had reputations of national reach. Many others in universities and colleges around the country enjoyed only somewhat less esteem.

The Great Depression, beginning in the autumn of 1929 and continuing for 10 years until washed out by military expenditure in 1940-41, is rivaled only by the Civil War as a traumatic event in the American experience. It lingers more strongly than any other in the social memory. When the economic prospect is uncertain, men and women still ask in fear, "Will it be another Depression?" In those years output—Gross National Product—fell by a third. Farmers, still numerous and vocal, went bankrupt and were dispossessed by the tens of thousands. By the mid-1930s the farm debt exceeded the assets, at current values, of all farms. American agriculture was, literally, insolvent. Unemployment rose to around a quarter of the labor force. There was no unemployment insurance until 1933, no effort to increase job opportunities and until then no organized assistance to the impoverished. As now, in relation to the urban crisis, men of high reputation took their stand on principle: far better the suffering and despair than any impairment of the rule of local responsibility for local problems. By the end of March 1933, 9000 banks and around 100,000 other commercial and industrial enterprises had failed. By the mid-1930s bankruptcy was no longer the misfortune of the weak and the small; numerous of the large banks, utilities and railroads were in receivership or in peril. The president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank had observed that while the effects of the failure of the small local banks "could be isolated," danger to the big New York banks had to be taken seriously.

The great economists, with a few exceptions, reacted to these misfortunes with professional detachment and calm. Called on for advice, as they were, most warned of the dangers of "untried experiment," experiment usually being of such character. Or they stressed the danger of inflation. The United States had had a serious inflation in World War I and following; prices had approximately doubled. In Germany and Austria and elsewhere in Central Europe, purchasing power of currencies had totally collapsed, with maximum impact on a generation of scholars who later migrated *en masse* to the United States. In the manner made famous by generals, the great economists showed a marked affinity for fighting their past wars and did so through a deflation that, between 1929 and 1933, brought the wholesale price index down by more than a third. There

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was also notable stress on the importance of patience as a therapy—a treatment that is believed to be easier with academic tenure on a regular income. The warnings from Joseph Schumpeter of Harvard and Lionel Robbins of the London School of Economics were especially powerful. They affirmed that depressions end only when they have corrected the maladjustments and extruded the poisons by which they were caused.

On occasion there was organized effort to resist action or to support inaction. In the autumn of 1933, many of the more prestigious members of the profession banded together under Edwin W. Kemmerer of Princeton to oppose monetary and fiscal experiment. A year or so later several Harvard economists collaborated in an astringent attack on the economic experimentalism of the New Deal. This was especially notable, for the effort involved not only the older professors but also younger members of the faculty who were still actively pursuing tenure. The most common mood, however, was one of judicious scholarly contentment. Professors remained concerned with accustomed teaching, research and writing in economic theory, money and banking, statistics and economic history. At the great universities there were no tense seminars on the cause of the depression or its cure. Little such discussion is reflected in the professional journals. Some time in 1934 or 1935, President Roosevelt returned to Harvard to dine with his sons and their friends at the Fly Club. He was greeted by students along Mount Auburn Street (where I was) with shouts of "Fire Tugwell!"—this reflecting the dominant lesson of their practical economic instruction. Among the economists in the administration, Rexford Tugwell was the most notable activist.

There were exceptions to this mood—the professional eccentrics and deviants. Many universities housed one or two—men or the occasional woman who kept asking what might be done nationally, locally or on specific matters to alleviate the suffering. Agricultural and labor economists, living close to their clientele, had a special tendency to be involved, and at considerable cost to their scholarly reputations. Academically, they always were second-class citizens. At the University of Wisconsin, under John R. Commons, there was a widely remarked concern with such issues as unemployment insurance, utility rate regulation and taxation. Wisconsin was thought by many, a peculiar place.

Elsewhere two men were outspoken in advocating their prepared remedies for the depression. One of these was Irving Fisher of Yale; the other was John Maynard Keynes. Fisher urged deliberate expansion of the money supply by reducing the gold content of the dollar. Keynes urged energetic expenditure by governments from borrowed funds. Both men were regarded with deep distaste by the economists of established reputation. *The New York Times* in 1933 thought it "should hardly be necessary to say" that t ideas of Fisher and Keynes "have long been before t public, and that both have been rejected by the lar consensus of economic and financial judgmen Keynes and Fisher, with Commons, are among the fe economists from the time who are not forgotten. Ar the veil of forgetfulness is kind, for, with the passir years, those who continued to sit stolidly on the prestige paid heavily for their contentment. The comfortable negativism, so far as it is remembered, treated with amused contempt in the intellectu history of those years.

I recur to this history because detachment an contentment are again the tendency of economists i our time. As in some earlier cases they join, paradox ically, with a reputation for earlier activism. Politician and the public, and not least economists themselves should know that it is a normal cyclical phenomenon ir our profession. What is understood may not be more easily forgiven, but there is a chance that it will be more promptly remedied.

The contentment of the early depression years was followed in the late thirties, in the war years and thereafter, including through the Eisenhower years, by a period of excitement and active innovation in economic policy. This was overwhelmingly in reaction to the increasingly apparent ineptitude of the great men of the past. The polar figure was, of course, Keynes; the unifying idea was the belief that something could be done and had to be done by government to lift and sustain the level of output and employment in the modern capitalist economy. There was much here to discuss. And the discussion was further sustained by the myriad of new economic tasks occasioned by the war and by the development and use during these years of the national accounts—the incorporation into professional thought of National Income, Gross National Product and aggregates of consumer and business spending and saving. Almost simultaneously there were breakthroughs in ideas as to what should be done about unemployment and depression, and in the measurement thereof. Again, however, the great men of the profession—with rare exceptions such as the late Alvin Hansen—continued aloof. Men of lesser reputation—with less reputation to lose—made the Keynesian Revolution.

There was reason for caution by the tactically careful and self-regarding. Those actively associated with the new policies in government were subject to severe criticism. The general complaint was from business, and that was that economists were impairing or destroying confidence. Some reactions were very specific. When the Employment Act of 1946 was under consideration, the National Association of Manufacturers and Donaldson Brown of General Motors filed a brief warning that this measure would enhance government control, destroy private enterprise, undu-

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increase the powers of the federal executive, legalize deral spending and pump-priming, bring socialism, be ıworkable and impractical and promise too much and ıve other defects. No careful scholar wished to be ssociated with such destructive activity.

But the heaviest charge was the general effect on onfidence. The American business psyche is an acutely ulnerable thing; it associates all change with perverse leological intent. No large group of similar size and ortune in history has ever been so insecure as the ımerican business executives. The only forms of eassurance that serve are lower taxes and general naction, and these are required and expected no matter vho wins elections. However, in the 1930s and 1940s ınd continuing in the 1950s and into the 1960s, the results of inaction seemed to be intolerable, and not least for business itself. So the onslaught was faced. Economists accepted their controversial role. And, in time, the more secure and mentally accessible executives came to accept the Keynesian rescue.

With the innovative and combative mood of economists came nearly a quarter century of economic success. At the end of 1968, the President's Council of Economic Advisers congratulated itself on its accomplishments. The language, which then did not seem remarkable, is now rather wonderful to recall:

> The Nation is now in its 95th month of continuous economic advance. Both in strength and length, this prosperity is without parallel in our history. We have steered clear of the business-cycle recessions which for generations derailed us repeatedly from the path of growth and progress. . . . No longer do we view our economic life as a relentless tide of ups and downs. No longer do we fear that automation and technical progress will rob workers of jobs rather than help us to achieve greater abundance. No longer do we consider poverty and unemployment permanent landmarks on our economic scene.
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> . . . .
>
> Ever since the historic passage of the Employment Act in 1946, economic policies have responded to the fire alarm of recession and boom. In the 1960's, we have adopted a new strategy aimed at fire prevention—sustaining prosperity and heading off recession or serious inflation before they could take hold.
>
> Meanwhile, a solid foundation has been built for continued growth in the years ahead.

These words suggest what all should have feared—that economists had once again settled into a mood of self-congratulation and associated contentment. Erstwhile innovators had become passive conservatives. And this was happening just as the Keynesian measures, once so wonderful, were showing by the clearest of all possible evidence that they produced not merely inflation, not merely unemployment, but an unyielding combination of the two. The evidence was in the plain history of the next 10 years. The only relief from this combination would be for a brief period preceding the presidential election in 1972, a breathing spell which reputable economists have dismissed as the purchase of an election at the price of far worse troubles to come. Not again would economists speak of strategies for "sustaining prosperity and heading off recession or serious inflation before they could take hold." Or say that poverty and unemployment were not "permanent landmarks on our economic scene." The November 1977 figures show an unemployment rate of 6.9 percent of the labor force. For blacks it was 13.8 percent; for young whites 14.5 percent; for black teenagers 39 percent. If one is young and black and in a central city, he should not, as a matter of statistical expectation, suppose that he can find a job. This is all the more remarkable, for such a person belongs to a politically decisive group. It was from the urban poor and the minorities that the present administration received the solidly affirmative votes that brought it to office.

Meanwhile inflation, like unemployment, is at a highly unsatisfactory level. And, as with unemployment, it becomes much worse when one goes beyond the aggregates. Through the first 11 months of 1977, the wholesale price index rose by just under nine points—from 188.1 to 197.0 (1967 = 100). But industrial prices rose by nearly eleven points (from 188.4 to 199.2) and farm prices *fell* by an even eight points. The fiscal and monetary restraints on which the comfortable Keynesian policy depends do not work on the hard administered prices and negotiated wages of the industrial sector. They do work very well (down to government support levels) on soft competitive markets such as those for farm products. But this is an anti-inflation therapy that does not appeal to farmers. It causes them to drive their tractors into town, experiment with strikes and react adversely to President Carter. They would like the policy even less if they understood their contribution better. If unemployment recedes, wages and industrial prices will rise. Farm prices will also recover, and inflation will get much worse.

In the Cabinet or holding Cabinet rank in the present administration there are no fewer than five economists of the highest professional qualification. At long last a PhD in economics has replaced a law degree as the basic license for practicing the science and art of public administration. This all must applaud. But clearly these talented men and women have come to office at a particularly dismal moment in the history of economics. They are caught in, if not part of, another of the great downswings which, as in the past, have rendered the profession innocuous or worse. In the universities and research institutes the mood is not all bland. There is an active academic discussion of tax incentives and penalties for holding the line on prices and wages, a policy that would require the government

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to proclaim and, in effect, enforce standards for permissible increases. This discussion leads, inevitably, to consideration of alternatives, including guidelines and controls. A technical journal devoted to this discussion—*The Journal of Post Keynesian Economics*—will make its appearance later this year. Numerous younger economists and some older ones are not in doubt as to the futility of the accepted macroeconomics. But the established response remains overwhelmingly passive. The small tasks of more pleasant times and their refinement still command major attention. Perhaps the accepted design for monetary and fiscal policy does not work. But it can still be taught and avowed in Washington—for, after all, it once served. It is essential that economists and noneconomists alike understand the reasons for this recurrent mood. They are deeply ingrained in the sociology of our profession.

This sociology begins with the instinct of economists, by no means exceptional to our profession, for applause—and with the companion wish to avoid rude controversy. These attitudes must then be set against the deeply inconvenient fact that whatever is good for economic performance will always—I speak with caution—be deeply controversial. And what is most acclaimed for sustaining business confidence will invariably be bad for economic performance. All have heard of contradictions in modern capitalism; all should know that the major immediate contradiction is here. In its great moments economics has understood and resisted the contradiction. At the low points in its cycle, as now, it has not.

In the great creative years during and following World War II, it was taken for granted in Washington that to be effective was to arouse business hostility. Likewise in the universities. Robert Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, once noted that economics appointments were the most perilous with which he had to deal. (It may be added that he and his followers made selections that were well designed to minimize the risk.) When economists avoid controversy and reach for applause, their advice becomes worse than worthless; it becomes actively damaging. It follows that unless this is clearly understood by economists in responsible positions, their services also will be actively damaging.

Observation of these truths—laws, I am prepared to call them—must, some will say, be motivated by a deep antipathy to business. It is not so. In contrast with many of my liberal friends, I long ago came to terms with the American business system. Liberals, many of them, would break up the large corporations that now, in the number of a thousand or two, account for more than half of all the private product of the United States. I would not. Conservative economists would move similarly against the unions. These, like the large corporations, I accept as part of the broad irreversible current of history. I not only wish to see the system survive but so deep is my conservative commitm that I want it to have the first essential for survi which, of course, is that it work. I am persuaded that, the experience so well shows, economists have remarkably plain choice. They can be popular a applauded in the short run and be failures in the lo run. Or they can be controversial in the short run an success in the long run. (I pass over a third possibilit which is to be innocuous in both the short and the lo run. That requires no special instruction.)

Controversy is inevitable regarding both effecti policy to expand the economy and effective action t restrain inflation. All policy to expand the economy wi be more successful the more successfully it provide income to those who need it most. Expenditure is the prompt and complete. Such policy also usefully reduce social tension: although much effort has been devote to showing the opposite, income is a remarkably usefu antidote to poverty and its associated discomfort. Bu the policy that professional business spokesmen an the affluent in general will always most approve, the policy that is best for business confidence, will always be the policy that gives these more fortunate groups the most after-tax income.

The situation is similar where inflation is involved. Any policy that restricts or restrains the freedom to set prices and incomes will be heavily attacked, be held bad for business confidence. But in a world of large corporations and strong unions no policy that contends successfully with inflation can avoid some restraint on the freedom of business action—on prices charged, wages paid or received. So a successful anti-inflation policy must also be sharply controversial—and again bad for confidence or what is so described. And the capacity to articulate alarm and to be heard is strongly correlated with business position and income. These voices are wonderfully audible; those of the poor are not. A powerful tendency in modern political economy is for the voice of the affluent, and that of the business spokesman in particular, to be mistaken for the voice of the masses.

A slightly exaggerated example will illustrate my point. Nothing today would be held so good for business confidence (or, again, what is so described) as a large horizontal cut in the progressive income tax accompanied by an equally substantial reduction in the corporate tax and a compensatory slash in welfare expenditures. Such action would be warmly praised by businessmen for its motivating effect. *The Wall Street Journal* recently put the prospective business response with perfect clarity:

> A general tax cut is well worth trying . . . provided it is not shaped by perverse theories. The key is to let producers keep more of what they produce, and the biggest effect will come from cutting rates where they are the highest. If the tax cuts reduce rather than improve rewards for the economy's most gifted,

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talented and skilled producers, they will be worse than nothing at all.

Mr. Alan Greenspan, though he can hardly look upon the effect of his economic advice on the career plans of Gerald Ford with complete satisfaction, even more recently held that a tax cut wholly confined to corporate income would be the very best for business confidence.

All economists proposing any tax cut are assured of applause. This applause is the one assuredly positive consequence. Tax cuts do not have any motivating effect on the modern organization man—the significant business figure in our time. He is required by all the weight of the organization ethic to give his best to the business. That he should bung off because he believes he should have a tax cut is inconceivable. And such a tax reduction has little immediate effect on either consumer spending or business investment. If profit prospects are good, a corporate tax cut is not needed to encourage investment. If they are bad, no tax cut will make them good. As practical experience with the last tax cut showed (duly reported by the Council of Economic Advisers), the initial effect of a cut in personal taxes is overwhelmingly to increase savings. Income so saved does not buy goods, and modern business investment, some special pleading to the contrary, proceeds independently of the supply of savings. And a tax cut as now proposed would come at a time when banks are awash with money they wish to lend to good borrowers. Only good economic performance—good employment and demand—will encourage borrowing of these funds. The reduced welfare spending that would be so much applauded would, of course, reduce demand.

In contrast, an energetic jobs program to train and employ the poor, black and young or, in the absence of jobs, to provide the income which, with whatever damage to the soul, does do something for the body, would have a deeply adverse effect on business confidence. So, likewise, expenditures to help make life in the large cities become, if not pleasant, at least safe and tolerable and to reduce the dependence of these cities on regressive taxes. So, in particular, building and rehabilitation work in the central slums. The expansive effect of action along these lines is optimal; money so distributed is put immediately into circulation by people who (unlike the affluent) immediately recirculate—spend—100 cents of every dollar that comes in. The effect on the performance of a lagging economy is total—nothing is lost to savings.

There is another advantage in such action. As noted, modern unemployment is highly structured. Shortages of labor in numerous areas and occupations are combined with disastrous surpluses among the minorities, those without work experience, among women and those in the urban ghettos away from job opportunities. The measures just described are by far the best for reaching those most in needs of jobs. Tax reductions, even if widely distributed among income groups, add to pressure on labor markets that are already strong. Measures that are directed specifically at the unemployed—targeted, in the offensive current jargon—have their initial effect on labor markets that are weak. They are, in consequence, much less inflationary than action that rewards the affluent.

Drawing by Coulter

There is a further inverse correlation between what serves business confidence and what best serves the future of capitalism. None surely can doubt that the long-run future of capitalism will be more secure if the poor and the black and the young have the stake in the system that a steady income provides. There is much talk these days of a taxpayers' revolt. It will not, in the higher-income brackets, be the kind of revolution that involves much raw violence. Men like David Rockefeller, Walter Wriston and Gabriel Hauge can, if necessary, be contained. With residents of the South Bronx it might one day be different.

Effective measures for expanding the economy are adverse to business confidence. The contradiction operates even more intransigently where inflation is concerned. There are, we now know, only two basic designs for controlling inflation. One is to have enough slack in plant

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capacity and enough unemployment so that industrial prices and wages are subject to restraint. And all experience tells us that the unemployment so required is considerable. Or there can be some form of direct intervention on incomes and administered prices. This last is not a total strategy for reconciling high employment with reasonably stable prices. Monetary and fiscal policy—the balancing of total demand for goods and services and their supply—are as necessary as ever. But some form of direct restraint is inescapably a part of any strategy that does not rely on unemployment. And here again, in redoubled amount, comes the controversy that reputable economists so deplore, so struggle to evade—the conflict with the confidence syndrome. Such action, however unpleasant the alternatives, proves wicked bureaucratic intent and is possibly a design for socialism.

It is not easy to be overtly in favor of either inflation or unemployment. The first is the symbol of loose public management, and there is ample evidence that people so regard it and much dislike it. Unemployment has a few more open supporters. The defense of a "natural level" of joblessness unites a group of young economists at MIT with the editors of *Fortune*. And Robert Lekachman has shown that quite a few people believe, correctly, that a little fear makes a labor force more productive and acquiescent. But unemployment also must be deplored by anyone in untenured public office. Given the need to be against inflation and unemployment but to avoid the controversy and adverse business reaction inherent in all effective remedial action, economists have only one choice. That is some talented form of evasion. This means, in practice, the simulation of action as a substitute for action.

In the universities evasion is relatively easy. As in the 1930s, one remains with accustomed preoccupations and ignores unemployment and inflation as irrelevant to one's particular specialization. A posture of scientific preoccupation can even be adduced to support such attitudes. In public life the escape involves more varied techniques ranging from banality to sophisticated fraud. On all the known forms, it should be noted, time is running out.

The most forthright recent effort to simulate action in the absence of action, of course, was President Ford's invention and distribution of the WIN button. This was not highly regarded by economists. Better regarded, in the past, has been the effort to convey the impression that some as yet uninvoked form of monetary or fiscal magic would reconcile stable prices with low unemployment. This was the peculiar belief of the economists currently in office. Few can now suppose that if there is such magic, it would have remained unused for so long.

When economists were summoned by President Ford to meet on the inflation problem in 1974, it was all but unanimously resolved that diminution of unnecessa regulation would contribute to price stability. Th would not have reduced the price index by as much half of one percent in half a century. This too is comir to be recognized.

Liberals, when devoid of thought, have ancient urged the enforcement of the antitrust laws. This now widely, if not yet universally, identified as the las wavering gasp of the bankrupt mind.

Bringing representatives of capital and labo together for agreement on price and wage policies i some smoke-filled Washington room is a more recen design for simulating action. Such consultations wil have to be part of any general effort at restraint. But a an isolated, unstructured effort, not backed by seriou government purpose, they exploit only the constitutional right to free speech. And this too can no longer be disguised. The most transparently fraudulent recent effort to simulate action is the Council on Wage and Price Stability—a toothless body established to contemplate the wage-price spiral, which, while considering the need for action, is legally excluded from action. When steel prices recently rose in the face of a deeply depressed market, the spokesman for the Council first called the increase "awfully big," then, having too vigorously simulated action, said it was "in line with inflation." The Council on Wage and Price Stability is a special insult to the public intelligence. No self-respecting economist or public servant should be associated with it except for the pay.

There is also now only a diminishing future for the use of prediction as a substitute for action—for saying each month, as the inflation and unemployment figures are released, that everything will be better in the third quarter hence. But the press does remain very tolerant of this evasion and duly reports it as though true.

For a substantial group of economists the tax reduction hitherto mentioned is the approved simulation of action. It is held to be effective in expanding the economy. The distortion of priorities and the needs of the poor are ignored, and so is the effect on inflation. The business applause is taken as proof of prospective accomplishment. Mr. Carter, like Mr. Ford before him, is disastrously the victim of this simulation.

There are elements of simulation in the Humphrey-Hawkins bill. Its focus on unemployment is highly useful, and this will be much enhanced by the objections of conservatives who will not distinguish between promise and content. But the Humphrey-Hawkins bill elides the inflation problem. At a four-percent unemployment rate there would have to be strong direct restraints on wages and administered prices to prevent inflation. Still, the best way to get them could be to pass Humphrey-Hawkins, press for its promise of lowered unemployment and let the need for a companion incomes policy become obvious.

One sees the glum position in which the economists of the Carter administration find themselves. The

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ark, blunt fact is that orthodox monetary and fiscal olicies give us not a choice between an unacceptable te of inflation and an unacceptable level of unemployent, but an unacceptable combination of the two. (It , perhaps, proof either of progress or of the etachment to which the academic community can rise hat the Ford Foundation has announced a series of rants for the study of this problem. One of the studies expected to last for five years.) Only the uniquely rave or reckless, whether liberal or conservative, can ay that the combination of inflation and unemployment is something the system can suffer and survive. All must promise improvement. And, as I've said, all the echniques of evasion are running out. There remains nly, as moral support, the ability of all in our profession, when in power, to believe that because the fates have been so wise as to place them there, the fates are obligated also to rescue and provide. Conservative economists, if sufficiently archaic, have some justification for this theology: the full employment equilibrium is basic to the conservative creed; inaction is the way to realize that equilibrium. Liberal economists must believe that they were the chosen—that, as I've said before, God is a Keynesian Democrat.

There is no reassurance to be gained from other countries. There is now no industrial country in the world (the dubious model of Italy possibly apart) which does not have some system of income restraint—either direct action on wages or prices or indirectly through industry-wide collective bargaining. In Switzerland and Germany, the extreme exemplars of the free market (as also in Austria and the Scandinavian countries), this restraint operates through industry-wide trade-union bargaining which accepts that the wages so established bear strongly on prices. Price restraint is achieved either by direct or tacit understanding or by the need to keep products and services competitive in world markets. Britain has a still fragile but much more formal system into which tax policy and agricultural policy have been integrated. *Plan Barre* in France has a similar, if more informal, design. Canada has a frail system of restraints. No country has yet achieved full success. But in all, including Canada and Britain, there can be no doubt: without the effort, inflation and unemployment would be much worse.

That is because all modern industrial countries are subject to the same tyrannical circumstance. In all, the large corporations, unions and numerous individuals have escaped the discipline of the market and gained power over their incomes. The exercise of this power drives up prices. When orthodox monetary and fiscal policy are used to arrest this upward spiral, it is production, not price, that is curbed. And with the curtailment of production goes curtailment of employment. And when employment is curtailed, as Coolidge once affirmed in slightly different words, you get unemployment. Until that unemployment is very great, perhaps up in the recession range of ten percent or more of the labor force, unemployment and inflation coexist. It's an ungrateful world. Just as economists come into public office in unprecedented numbers, we discover that the economist's life was not meant to be a happy one. Anciently it has been said that ours is a subject that deals with choice. Now we discover that this is true even of public careers. We can be peaceful, fraudulent and afraid. Or we can be innovative, successful and abused.

Certainly no President should be in doubt. If his economists are winning applause, inspiring confidence, he should be deeply alarmed. The effects will spill over him with politically fatal results. I am not reaching for paradox or exaggeration; the historical affirmation is complete. Three Presidents in the last half century have enjoyed supreme business confidence—Herbert Hoover, Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. Under Hoover and Ford we had the worst depressions of those 50 years, and under Nixon and Ford we had the worst peacetime inflation in our entire history. Hoover and Ford were the only two Presidents in this century who failed of reelection. None of President Carter's economists can hope to be so successful in inspiring business confidence as William Simon and Alan Greenspan. They exuded reassurance beyond anything for which my friends can have any hope. And William Simon, exuding yet more reassurance, even went on to snatch a nearly impossible defeat for the candidate he guided in the recent New Jersey election over a man running on a platform advocating the introduction of a state income tax. Simon and Greenspan have been rewarded with better-paying posts, in accordance with our system of upward failure. But this system may not last indefinitely—not if to be an economist is to be thought a failure.

But more is at stake (obvious issues of social well-being apart) than personal careers. Unless economists understand that our subject is intrinsically contentious—that what is good for the poorest of our people is best for economic performance but worst for gaining applause—our economic policy will be a failure. We will have, as seems now the prospect, more tax cuts that bypass the terrible needs of our cities, that lodge themselves heavily into savings; that, when spent, affect most those markets where labor is already tight; and that thus make the greatest possible contribution to inflation. Unless economists proceed with the greatly contentious task of working out a system of income and price restraint over those who have gained some control of their prices and incomes—a task that must combine patient consultation with use of the powers of the state—inflation will either be uncontrolled or controlled imperfectly, as now, by unemployment. And people, especially the poor, will come to wonder if having economists instead of lawyers in office is all that good.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Border Country

Play and Other Plays (Manhattan Theater Club). Beckett is still sending back messages. Who really knows where he is any longer?—out there in lonely splendor and splendid loneliness. The residual wryness of his career is that he keeps on writing at the same time that he writes more and more minimally. He has a physical being still, one hears that he has friends and plays tennis and corresponds, yet more and more his new writings have the effect of posthumous messages. More precisely, they are like pieces written during the very passage out of life, while crossing the border, and somehow sent back—diamond-clear, humorously unremitting. The pieces are not about death but about life seen in the longest perspective from which one can still write, and they have his persistent Irish inability to face the void without a bit of a grin at its silliness in being empty.

This bill of three Beckett plays, two of them new, was first performed in 1976 at the Arena Stage in Washington where the two new pieces had their US premieres. They have been brought to New York by the Manhattan Theater Club with two of the three members of the first cast and the same director. It's a good set of pieces. All three of them are located near the end or just past the end of life, when the tugs and countertugs of living can still be felt but when judgments are altering.

The familiar piece, *Play*, is, as Sir Thomas Browne might have said, hydriotaphic—we see three large urns containing three dead people, their heads just visible above the tops of the jugs. (No absolute proof in the text that they're dead but what else could we be expected to assume?) The three are a man, his wife, his mistress. This is the third time I've seen the play, and if it's well-rehearsed, which includes the spotlight that keeps flying from one face to another as one or another speaks, it *must* be effective. Acting, in any full sense, is not required: acutely timed and phrased part-singing (almost) is. It's a bitterly comic canon on human vanity—specifically the vanity of sensuality and of the deceits necessary to accommodate it in our world.

I always feel that it's Beckett himself flicking that spotlight from one head to another. The explicit directions for the lighting call for a single spot, and add: "The method consisting in assigning to each face a separate fixed spot is unsatisfactory in that it is less expressive of a unique inquisitor than the single mobile spot." And who, finally, is that inquisitor other than the author?

That Time, one of the new plays, is another essentially musical piece. All we see is an old man's head, eyes closed most of the time, and see it as if from above, with the white hair streaming. The face does almost nothing throughout, except that it breathes and we hear the breathing. Mostly we hear three separate recordings of the man's voice "coming to him from both sides and above. They modulate back and forth without any break in general flow except where silence is indicated." The piece might be called *Three More of Krapp's Last Tapes*, for tapes they are, from a place of further finality, three streams of memory pouring shards of sensory treasures on the man—trifles in themselves, some of them, but treasures because they happened and in memory still happen. We hear childhood memories and much later ones—the feel of stone, of sunlight on a particular day, of a love, of a last departure—the small and the great now equally important because they all *happened*, back there in lovely life. The tone is generally tristful, but at the last, after the voices cease, the eyes in the face open and the old man smiles.

Footfalls is a dialogue between a middle-aged woman and her unseen ancient mother, as the woman moves in dim light back and forth on a stipulated line on the stage floor. This brief play is in two parts. The first part, mostly one long speech by the unseen mother, centers on a remark that the daughter made when she was a child walking o deep-carpeted floor: "Mother, this is n enough . . . I must hear the fe however faint they fall . . . The moti alone is not enough." In the "sequel," called, the mother is presumably dea and the daughter transforms her mem ries into a passage from a novel. ("O Mrs. Winter, whom the reader wi remember. . . .") The woman's child hood insistence on hearing the step that she took is counterpointed with he "footfalls" here; and with the memory o an Evensong service that she attende with her mother once, where the motions alone were not enough.

No admirer of Beckett will maintain that these two new pieces rank in the forefront of his work; neither could they have been written by anyone lesser. What stand out in them are the elements that have always been present in his plays but that have grown in dominance as his plays have grown shorter: the central feature of a Beckett play is its *image* and next in importance is the very sound of the voices. All else follows from and through those considerations. Increasingly Beckett has been using the theater as a medium to make painting and music bloom into drama and philosophy. I don't imply that what is said in these new plays is in itself of no

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Stunning. Technology—of film, not of astrophysics—feeding some of the hungers of our time with manna from the heavens, not from Heaven.

The Goodbye Girl. Magazine romance à la mode. Plenty of Neil Simon's crackling cracks for personable Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss; Herbert Ross directs with bustle.

Julia. Too lush and plush for its Spartan anti-Nazi story, but Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards and Jane Fonda (in that order) vanquish the upholstery.

The Turning Point. It has some film stars and a plot, but don't let them bother you. It has Mikhail Baryshnikov, his dancing and even some of his acting, along with glimpses of other ballet wonders.

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sequence, only that the sound pre- es the meaning in consequence: not t in sequence, in consequence. It's rth noting, too, that the style of the iting in these recent plays is closer to at of Beckett's novels than that of *iiting for Godot* or *Endgame.*

The time has come, inevitably, for action against Beckett. An instance is the Winter 1977/78 issue of the *nerican Scholar* where John Romano rites a critical reassessment that ncludes: "In the end [Beckett] offers e best example of a paradoxical ndency in contemporary literature, hereby, under the guise of experi- ents in form and language, we are tually being reconciled to our social nd spiritual givens, confirmed in our omplacency and stasis." If I understand t all the words "guise" and "reconciled" nd "complacency," then Romano is alling Beckett a con man, in which case Beckett must be the most successful con nan in literary history. It wasn't, after ll, an austere new art forged to face tark moral and spiritual truths, it was nly a counterfeit, a semblance. And vhy was the semblance fabricated? To ill us. His esthetic sleight-of-hand was esigned to make us think he was facing erceptions so vast and lonely that it vasn't even worth our trouble to go as ar as he had gone: we might as well stay t home because there was nothing out here. And he has done all that careful vriting of novels and plays and poems ust to deceive us. What gulls we are to ave thought Beckett not only a great vriter but a moral hero moving us closer o negative capability.

Reassessment of Beckett will doubt- ess continue, but I hope it will smack ess of Oliver Edwards's familiar remark o Samuel Johnson: "You are a philoso- her, Dr. Johnson. I have tried too in my ime to be a philosopher; but, I don't now how, cheerfulness was always reaking in."

Meanwhile, thanks to the Manhattan Theater Club for bringing us this bill. The actors are Suzanne Costallos (her rofessional debut), Donald Davis, and Sloane Shelton, all of whom do well. So oes Alan Schneider, an old Beckett and, though it must be said that irecting these three plays well consists n some measure of obeying Beckett's xplicit instructions. The designs by Jack Brown and the lighting by William Mintzer convert nowhere into a place.

The Dybbuk (Newman). The border etween life and death is also the erritory of S. Ansky's famous Yiddish play—in fact, its first title was *Between Two Worlds.* Ansky wrote the play after a three-year study of Jewish lore in the *shtetlekh* of the Ukraine during the second decade of this century. It was first produced in 1920, shortly after Ansky's death, by the celebrated Vilna Troupe of Lithuania.

Today *The Dybbuk* seems part of the consistent flow of Eastern European Jewish life. But, according to Nahma Sandrow, the latest historian of the Yiddish theater, it was otherwise. In *Vagabond Stars* (Harper & Row), her recently published and invaluable book, Sandrow says of the play:

> *Only a few years before, it would have been impossible, among Jews struggling to free themselves from orthodoxy. Now, on the other hand, as even political ideologies were dimming as an alternative faith, and as life seemed so miserable and dangerous that faith would have been a great comfort, a degree of escapism and nostalgia contributed to the magic of* The Dybbuk.

In short, the play didn't grow spontaneously out of the assurances of the times, it was a deliberate regenerative effort whose success was heightened by a hunger of the times.

Joseph Chaikin has directed a production intended to bring the play closer to *our* times. Chaikin, known internationally for his work with the now-disbanded Open Theater, has used a new translation by Mira Rafalowicz, shaped with Rafalowicz into a new version. The impulses toward the new version, highly condensed and somewhat altered, seem to be those that Jerzy Grotowski followed in his version of Calderon's *The Constant Prince:* to concentrate on modern approaches to acting and directing; and, through this use of modernity, to strike through to the cultural and mythic roots of the work—to use the new as a way of reaching the old. On both scores this production seems to me only partially successful.

A dybbuk is a spirit that haunts the living. The story tells of a poor and devout scholar, Chanon, in love with and loved by a girl named Leah, whose father affiances her to a rich youth. Chanon dies in the anguish of his loss. His spirit is invited by the unhappy Leah to her wedding, invades her body, and forestalls the wedding. After a painful exorcism, the dybbuk of Chanon leaves the body of Leah. She dies, and the lovers are reunited in death.

It may sound like mystical romance—I saw it played as such by the Bucharest Yiddish State Theater on a New York

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visit—but there are materials in it of much greater depth than *Lucia di Lammermoor* or *Peter Ibbetson*. Chanon is a student of the Kabala, a mystic system held to be as old as the Torah itself: It runs alongside the holy books that are open to all but is accessible only to the elect. Chanon is therefore somewhat at odds with the Hassidic Jews among whom he is studying, who warn him against unorthodoxy and the dangers to which he is exposing his soul. He persists: and the weakness brought on by this persistence makes him vulnerable to fatal shock.

Kabalist teaching places sacred importance on the sexual act, holding that the union of male and female principles, through male and female bodies, is an approach to divinity. This Kabalist loses his body before he is able to unite with his beloved's body: so his spirit joins her body in a union that is symbolically sexual as well as metaphysical. The dead lover takes her body to prevent a live lover from having her.

The mystical and sexual aspects, even Freudian aspects, of the story are only some of its richnesses. I don't want to belabor an analogy with Beckett simply because of a juxtaposition in this review, but this play, like those of Beckett, is a view of values as seen by a soul that is halfway across the life/death border even at the beginning.

Chaikin and Rafalowicz have seen these qualities in *The Dybbuk*, but Chaikin has realized them only tepidly in the production. Bruce Myers is excellent as the exalted Chanon. Jamil Zakkai is strong as Leah's father, and Richard Bauer has some of the necessary force as the exorcising rabbi. But Sonia Zomina plays a grandmother right out of the Bucharest Theater tradition, in contrast to the others, and in the key role of Leah, Marcia Jean Kurtz is weak. As a presence, physical and vocal, Kurtz simply doesn't provide what she should provide: the locus of the drama.

The setting, a few vaguely constructivist pieces by Woods Mackintosh, is too open and airy: it allows the enclosed feeling of the play, the *shtetl*-synagogue feeling, to be dissipated. The lighting by Beverly Emmons is either unimaginative or downright harmful. Most of the time the lighting evokes no "colors" at all, no "sculpture"; and why is there a harsh white light on the dead Chanon when he reappears? No, I'm not asking for hokey ghost lighting; still, why that harsh white?

And why does Chaikin have the dead man sitting in his old chair when he comes back to disrupt the wedding? It's comical. Do the dead get tired? In the center is the bride writhing with his dybbuk inside her; and there he sits cozily downstage right, close to the audience, in a bright white light, speaking in unison with her.

Chaikin's staging is generally facile. The opening pageant of Hassids in prayer, bowing and reading; the chorus of women with their Tyrone Guthrie movements in unison: all this is easy and trite picture-making. Some of the staging is clumsy, like Leah's last backw crawl to join her lover behind her.

Chaikin's production of *The Sea G* few years ago was a calamity. *The Dyl* is better, but it's merely mediocre does little to alter my opinion of artistic stature, which is far below beatification accorded him by his a lytes. The most interesting aspect of evening was accidental: I saw *The Dyb* the night after the Beckett bill and felt if I were continuing a journey throu border country.

Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg was born a hundred years ago this month, on January 6, 1878, in Galesburg, Illinois. As a boy, he delivered milk, shined shoes, sold newspapers, listened to the Union veterans talk about Vicksburg and Little Round Top. He rode boxcars around the prairie West and then enlisted in the Sixth Infantry, Illinois Volunteers, serving as a private in Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War. At the turn of the century, he began to write poems and sketches for local papers, became a district organizer for the Social Democratic party in the Lake Shore and Fox River Valley of Wisconsin, married Lilian Steichen, a schoolteacher and fellow-Socialist. Long, long afterward, Sandburg told me, "We planted a lot of soapboxes in Wisconsin."

All his life Sandburg was a political liberal and occasional activist. He was one of the few persons who told Walter Lippmann of *The New Republic* to go out and do "real reporting,"—a left-handed compliment. Covering the 1916 Republican convention, Lippmann wrote: "It was a gathering of insanitary callous men, who blasphemed patriotism, made a mockery of Republican government and filled the air with sodden and scheming stupidity."

Sandburg approved; he did not believe in what today is called—much too admiringly—objective writing, by writers who stand for nothing.

"Dear Lippmann," he wrote on June 21, 1916. "I get more hope from your cry of despair about that convention than any of the masses of reasoning and cool, clever assemblage of facts in much of your work . . . when you do real reporting—I get you . . . I have wor dered about you. I feel safer. As member of the Amalgamated Secret ries to Socialist Mayors, I am free t write you this way." This was a refer ence to the fact that while Sandburg wa secretary to Mayor Emil Seidel c Milwaukee, Lippmann was secretary t Mayor George R. Lunn of Schenectad

Sandburg's life and writings spanne almost one-half of the history of th United States. He was aboard the "Re Special" with Eugene V. Debs, th Socialist candidate, during the 190 Presidential campaign. He was a labo reporter for the *Chicago Daily News* anc years later, if a union official wrote him letter, he would reply, "Fraternall yours." His *Chicago Poems* was publishe in 1916, his two-volume *Abraham Lincol The Prairie Years*, 10 years afterward, an his four-volume *The War Years* in 193 He wrote many books of poetry, history biography, a novel, an autobiograph about his youth and children's stories He died in his 90th year, on July 22 1967, at home in Flat Rock, Nortl Carolina.

Some favorite lines from Sandburg' finest verse work, *The People, Yes*, writte at the height of his powers during th Depression in 1936, seem right to recal on his centenary:

Man is a long time coming.
Man will yet win.
Brother may yet line up with brother:

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.
There are men who can't be bought.

During his long life, Sandbur laughed at many broken hammers

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cluding the critics of his free verse. He me across: as a writer and as a person, a pamphleteer and as a symbol of the igaged poet concerned about the stiny of his country. And he was a lot fun to be with.

Before he is enshrined, a handful of emories from an occasional compan- n may be worth sharing. In the last line f *Always the Young Strangers*, an autobiog- aphy of his early years, Sandburg rote: "If it can be done, it is ot a bad practice for a man of any years to die with a boy eart." A boy heart pumped hrough much of his life. He vas not as stiff-necked as hose who regarded him as omething of a showman. They did not realize that his ecture-recitals supported his family, his poetry, research for his Lincoln biography, and gave him a view of the country that few writers have experienced, yesterday or today.

Sandburg was a performer. In 1906 he became a lyceum lecturer on Walt Whitman, the poet he most admired. He used his marvelous voice as an instrument. His friend, Andrés Segovia, the great classical guitarist, once told me that Sandburg's pitch was musically sound. He was, in fact, rather proud of his guitar playing—until he met Segovia. "I failed to impress him with my virtuosity," Sandburg recalled. "He had never met anyone so deeply loving of the guitar and yet so faithless in his love."

Segovia was surprised to learn that Sandburg could only play two chords, and sent him some new ones to learn. The next time they met Sandburg beamed and held up three fingers; he had added another chord to his repertoire.

All over the United States today there are people who remember an evening that Sandburg came to their campus for a lecture-recital. He would sing folk songs, read from his poems, and make topical remarks that often had political bite.

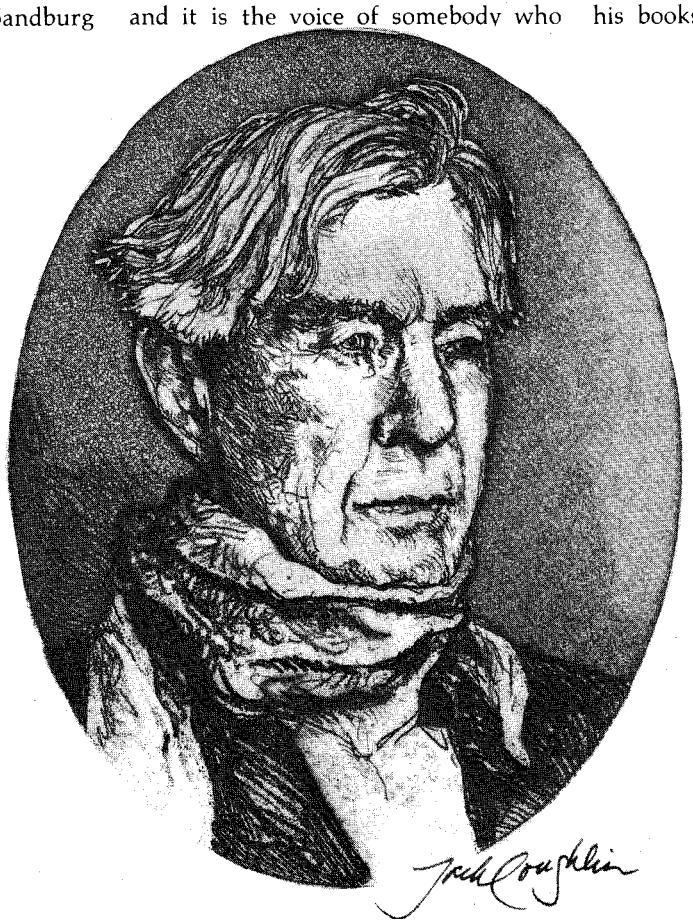
We were walking around his home town once and he relaxed by throwing out one-liners:

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"No, but I want you to know that I'm a lot more particular than I used to be."

"Have you a criminal lawyer in this burg?" "We think so—but we haven't been able to pin it on him yet."

Corny, but it was alien corn—and, I often discovered, out of his own experiences and particularly from *The People, Yes*. Sometimes he would call it, "De Peepul, Yup." But as his friend, Stephen Vincent Benét, said of that work: "This voice comes out of Western America, soil of that soil and wheat of that wheat, and it is the voice of somebody who knows the faces, the folk words and the tall tales of the people."



Carl Sandburg by Jack Coughlin

The commonplace in the streets he made uncommon, vulgar and sometimes hilarious. Once we passed a sign saying: "Cars Love Shell." He expanded on this: "Cars worship Shell . . . Cars are just passionate about Shell." And a few unprintable things. The language of advertising offended him. He despised and mocked commercials. At home, he had a gadget to silence the TV hucksters.

When we ate dinner, he parodied a commercial with an old jingle of his own before he swallowed the vegetables and soft ice cream that he so enjoyed. It went: "Through the lips and over the tongue—Look out, guts! Here I come!" That, he explained, came from an old fad at the beginning of the century called "Fletcherizing"—chewing each morsel, tasting it as it went down, even thinking about it. Sandburg knew a great deal about nuts, faddists and fools. He held in the deepest contempt people he considered hypocrites. Some he impaled in poetry—Billy Sunday, the arm-waving preacher, was the subject of a poem he titled, "To a Contemporary Bunkshooter."

His system of bestowing autographs in public had a certain logic. If an adult came up to him, he would query the autograph-seeker about how many of his books he had read; if the answer showed some knowledge of the works, Sandburg might sign or ask him to come back with a copy of one of the books. The chances of an adult female would be increased, depending on the degree of her pulchritude. A well-thumbed Sandburg book always helped. Waitresses, airline hostesses and shoeshine boys always received his firm, surprisingly clear and consistently strong block signature, even if only on a napkin. Respectable-looking stuffed shirts usually struck out.

Sandburg liked to blast politicians—especially Republicans. One evening we walked into the Illinois State Capitol in Springfield. A Republican publicist handed Sandburg a political leaflet, saying, "This literature is given to you courtesy of the Secretary of State." Sandburg replied, "You can tell the Secretary of State to go to hell!" Later, I asked him why he had jumped on the poor fellow. He softly explained, "The State Capitol is no place to hand out political propaganda."

Of course, he felt differently when Adlai E. Stevenson, whom he greatly admired, was Governor of Illinois. He campaigned for Stevenson during his run for President. He cherished the New Deal Democrats, starting with President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and particularly including Justice William O. Douglas and his friend and fellow-poet, Archibald MacLeish, the Librarian of Congress, who also believed that poetry could serve society.

A visit to Galesburg was memorable—and revealed a few things about the Sandburg psyche. We stood in front of "Old Main" on the Knox College campus, where Lincoln had debated Douglas in 1858, exactly one hundred years later, during a recreated ceremony, and again in the early 1960s when he was filming a

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documentary. As a boy delivering milk, Charlie (he was not always called Carl) used to cut across the campus many times and read the plaque with Lincoln's phrase referring to slave owners: "They are blowing out the moral lights around us."

Here, Sandburg recalled he had first become aware of Lincoln. Here, in past years, it was not hard to find people who had stood under the same elm trees to describe what it was like listening to the great debate. This was not information obtained out of the footnotes of a book or through second-hand memoirs but by eyewitnesses and presence. Writing later about Lincoln, Sandburg was writing about his neighbors and a fellow man of Illinois.

Here, too, Sandburg could not resist striking out at his favorite targets. "I would say to those who are known in this hour as John Birchers," he sneered—and his nostrils would flare—"I would say that those who propose to impeach a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court are hoping to blow out our moral lights." Warming up, he told a group of students, "The Birch Society is secret, like the Nazis. Those who want to impeach Chief Justice Warren don't know America."

Suddenly, he said, with contempt in his voice, "Richard Milhous Nixon, he's one of the rabble-rousers." He then rolled the name "Milhous" around his mouth, Fletcherizing and chewing him up carefully, and making the very name sound evil. He had Nixon's number long before the general public.

Later that evening in our hotel, we sat around drinking his favorite black-label Jack Daniel's. First we had some with soda, then with water and, finally, we found the right formula—neat, over ice. At this point at the bottom of the bottle, I was emboldened to ask him a question I had to warm up to about a rival.

"Carl, what do you think of Robert Frost and his poetry?"

Without a touch of malice, he replied: "Robert Frost is a fine poet. But what can you expect of the man? He's a Re-pub-lic-an!"

Sandburg's life and times can be found in his poetry, biography and history. He struck out, most notably, in his one novel, *Remembrance Rock*. Though parts of it have an epic quality, it was written during and after the Second World War, and suffered from patriotism and gian-tism.

Where does Sandburg stand in Ameri-can letters? Among the establishment literary personages, about where they place John Steinbeck, which is not very high. Yet readers, young and old, keep discovering and rediscovering both of them. I remember hearing Steinbeck, who had already received his Nobel Prize in Literature, say at Sandburg's 85th birthday party: "All of us could have learned from you and thank God some of us have."

His verse helped to free poetry from the old strictures at the same time that artists and sculptors and novelists were breaking their lines. He opened up new regions of the country to literature; and he dignified the most ordinary people and subjects. He was aware of the poetry of many countries. Ezra Pound wanted to turn him into an Imagist, but he refused to be put into that or any other mold. He admired the Japanese Haiku, and experimented with that form in "Fog" and other poems. But like another newspaperman-poet, Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg was writing of the open road and songs of himself.

Edmund Wilson was his severest critic as a historian. In *Patriotic Gore*, Wilson's study of Civil War literature, he cited maudlin passages in Sandburg's *The Prairie Years*. They are there. Wilson mainly relied for his own interpretation of Lincoln on William Herndon, whose imaginary recollections of his senior law partner have been exposed by historian David Donald in *Lincoln's Herndon*.

In any case, after new resea emerged and Sandburg revised Lincoln biography for a one-volu edition, Wilson had to add a footnote his original criticism admitting th Sandburg had removed "a good deal" the sentimental material. What Wils did not explain was that the Sandbu biography started out as a work f children. It later grew into a kind epic—with documented research that, most respects, still stands up. Th Sandburg Lincoln can be enjoyed ar pondered instead of being only a respe table literary citation.

Sandburg was an original who brok out of the narrow life of the Midd West, along the Chicago, Burlington Quincy tracks, where his poor Swedis immigrant father had swung a hamme and sledge at the railway blacksmit shop. He also broke out of the narrov column-rule measure of journalism int the wider fields of creative writing. Lon ago Sandburg heard the night whistle of the CB&Q, summoning him on th road to Chicago and then across th America that he put into many idealisti words.

Herbert Mitgang

Herbert Mitgang edited *The Letters of Ca Sandburg* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Books Considered

Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment by Raoul Berger

(Harvard University Press; $15)

As I approached the end of *Government by Judiciary*, I recalled the last line of *Portnoy's Complaint*, "Now vee may perhaps to begin, yes?" Raoul Berger's latest book is an ambitious attempt to challenge the validity and legitimacy of almost every important human rights decision by the Supreme Court in the past century. For 412 pages the analysis is supremely consistent, unambiguous and single-minded. As a result it distorts the important considerations for consti-tutional adjudication—considerations which are as complex, ambivalent and contradictory as the political reality from which they emerge. But finally, o pages 412 and 413 Berger concedes:

> *It would, however, be unrealistic and probably impossible to undo the past in the face of the expectations that the segregation decisions, for example, have aroused in our black citizenry—expectations confirmed by every decent instinct. That is more than the courts should undertake and more, I believe, than the American people would desire.*

It is in this recognition of the practical present and future-looking conse quences of constitutional symbols that proper beginning point for a book o

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ıstitutional law must lie. But the oted sentences are the only conces- ın to such considerations in the book d they are sandwiched between otestations that only our retrospec- 'e stance justifies the departure from guments consistently maintained in e rest of the work. Those arguments n be quickly summarized.

Berger argues that the Supreme ourt is confined to the intention of the amers in interpreting and applying any ınstitutional provision. Moreover, ith respect to the privileges and nmunities, equal protection, and due rocess clauses of the 14th Amendment, e maintains, that intention is ascertain- ble and quite limited: to confer upon lacks the equal rights to security of erson, property and contract. Suffrage nd segregation were, according to ɔerger, subjects expressly intended not o be regulated by the Amendment ex- ept insofar as Section Two provided for eduction of a state's representation in ongress in proportion to its disfran- hisement of adult male citizens. More- ver, Berger finds no warrant in the ıistory of the amendment for making he Bill of Rights generally applicable to he states.

The knowledge of the past," Nietzsche rote, "is desired only for the ervice of the future and the present, ot to weaken the present or undermine living future." If the Supreme Court ught to labor under the constraint of he framers' specific intentions it is ecause we and our progeny will find it seful that the justices be constrained in ıat way. In other words this reading of ıe Constitution must stand or fall not pon the Constitution's self-evident ıeaning, nor upon the intentions of 787 or 1866 framers. It constitutes a ıdgment about our own political pres- nt and future and about alternative ıeories of judicial activity which will est serve it. The ultimate and only ıstification for the constitutional gov- rnment we have is that it will secure to ; and our posterity the blessings of berty—not that it was intended by the amers to bind us. And this means it is ɔr us, not the framers, to decide hether that end of liberty is best erved by entrusting to judges a major ɔle in defining our governing political leas and in measuring the activity of ıe primary actors in majoritarian ɔlitics against that ideology.

Berger suggests three reasons for not ishing to entrust the judiciary with ıch a major creative role. The first— that the framers didn't intend such a role—can hardly serve as an answer to whether the framers' intent ought to count. The second argument is that a judge unconstrained by the text and the intention of its framers is in every important respect acting according to whim. The third objection is that decisions properly left to democratic (*i.e.*, majoritarian) choice are "usurped" by a small, autocratic group.

The judicial whim argument entails a common error or oversimplification. The critical dimension of the rule of law is not the degree of specificity with which an actor is constrained, but the very fact that the actor must look outside his own will for criteria of judgment. There is a difference—intelligible to most pre-adolescents—between the directions "Do what you want" and "Do what you think is right or just."

If the Supreme Court's mandate is to interpret the phrase "equal protection of the laws," in light of its own best judgment about the proper meaning of the principle, the justices are not in good conscience free to do just what they want. So, at least, those of us would argue who believe that ideas like "equality before the law" are as real, tangible and meaningful as "the intention of the framers." When we ask what the framers intended concerning their own world or a world roughly the same as their own we may be asking a difficult question but one which requires no complex hermeneutics on our part. When we ask, however, their intentions concerning our decisions 100 or 200 years later we are disingenuously supposing them to have had meaningful intentions about a social, ideological (and even physical) reality they could not have begun to have imagined. The school segregation the framers arguably meant to leave undisturbed in 1866 entailed neither the same school, nor the same blacks, nor the same whites, nor the same processes of social and economic mobility, nor the same senses of social stigma as did the institution of school segregation which the court confronted in 1954. How, then, can the 39th Congress be said to have had an "intention" regarding the latter when every important variable had changed? It is as simplistic and unreflective to think of "segregation" as an invariant thing with respect to which no interpretive act is necessary as it is to suppose that the words "equal protection" determine a self-evident answer to our questions. Finally, then, the "intention"

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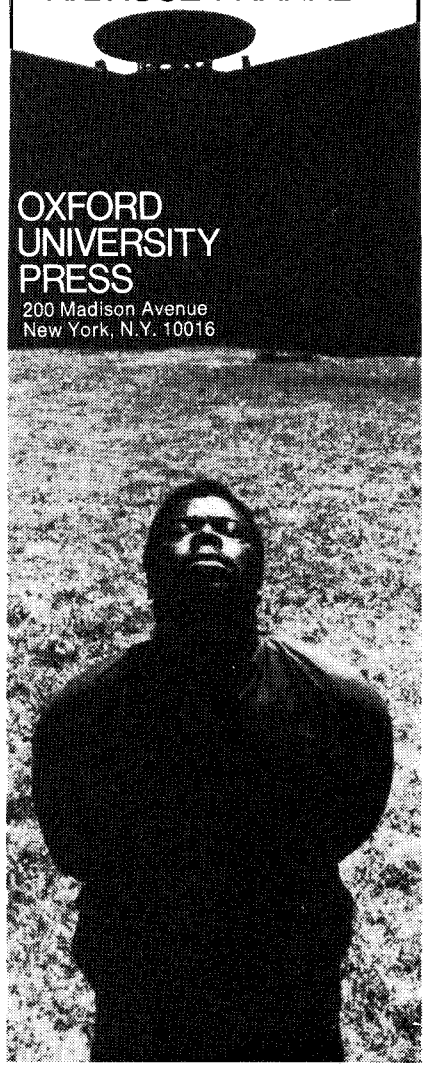
THE VICTIM AS CRIMINAL AND ARTIST

LITERATURE FROM THE AMERICAN PRISON

H. BRUCE FRANKLIN



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of the framers will require an interpretive act as difficult as that presented by the face of the text.

To such an objection Berger would apparently present his third argument: If the intent of the framers does not fairly meet the present circumstances, the Constitution should be read to confer decisional power on the political branches unless and until it be amended. The conflict between the presumption of majoritarian control and judicial review constitutes a perennial dilemma of Constitutional law. Unfortunately, Berger adds nothing to the old debate. He would resolve it by reiteration of his intention argument.

The 20th century has too often witnessed disastrous and cruel degenerations of majoritarianism into totalitarianism. These calamities have often centered either about state sponsored persecution of religious, racial or ethnic minorities or party sponsored manipulations of the machinery of information and politics. The first is an attempt to force "society" into the mold of the "state," the second is the further transformation of state into party. These processes can plausibly be understood to be diseases exacerbated by contemporary mass politics which a simple appeal to majorities or super-majorities (Constitutional amendment) is incapable of curing.

It is not clear why the Supreme Court has been capable of exercising leadership and leverage in counteracting such tendencies in the United States for the past 25 or 30 years. But it has done so. The theory justifying the use of judicial review in just these circumstances—to protect minorities and to rescue political processes from those in power—was suggested by Justice Stone in 1938. In a footnote he alluded to two circumstances in which a more "searching judicial inquiry" might be appropriate: . . . "legislation which restricts those political processes which can ordinarily be expected to bring about repeal of undesirable legislation. . . ." and "prejudice against discrete and insular minorities. . . ." That theory has since been forcefully advocated as the central justification for judicial review by Louis Lusky who, as Stone's clerk, authored the footnote. Footnote four does not provide a complete theory of the role of the Supreme Court. But it is a much more promising and intelligent starting point than the intentions of the framers. In creating a functional rather than a formal justification of judicial review it implies that *we* must audit the work of the Court as to whether it is fulfilling the function assigned. That act of moral and political judgment—performed by Raoul Berger only once in this book—becomes our responsibility.

As a counter-majoritarian institution the Court is relatively benign. Unlike military juntas, revolutionary vanguards and "temporary" party elites the Court has neither purse nor sword. It can neither kill us nor cure us without our own active political collaboration. When the Court does call to us, however, we should arm it not with the lowest compromises of a by-gone time but with the most coherent version of past and present aspirations.

Robert M. Cover

Robert M. Cover teaches at Yale Law School and is the author of *Justice Accused: Antislavery and the Judicial Process* (Yale).

The Ages of American Law
by Grant Gilmore
(Yale; $10)

Denial of Justice: Criminal Process in the United States
by Lloyd L. Weinreb
(Free Press; $12.95)

Two different perspectives on the course of the American legal system are offered in two recent books by academic lawyers. In the words of the serpent to Eve in Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, Professor Gilmore sees things as they are and asks why, while Professor Weinreb dreams things that never were and asks why not.

Gilmore's book, despite its title, is hardly a compendious study or reference work on American legal history. It is rather an expanded version of lectures on the development of American law delivered at Yale Law School, where Gilmore teaches. The lectures (now essays) convey a highly original, and personal, view of that development, and like the personality who set them down they are sharp, opinionated, and as pungent as cheddar. Gilmore distinguishes three periods of American law—the Age of Discovery, from independence to the Civil War; the Age of Faith, from the Civil War to World War I; and the Age of Anxiety, from World War I to the present. These periods, supposedly distinct but not airtight, represent respectively eras of growth, consolidation, and adjustment.

The Age of Discovery was mainly concerned with defining the relationship of American law to that of the late mother country. English law was really the only law that colonial lawyers were at home with, yet the problems of federation and a vast frontier urged a fresh approach to many situations. What is particularly admirable here is Gilmore's analysis of what precisely the federal courts were doing to resolve conflicting policies contained in English and American practice, and state and federal law. During this time the Supreme Court "succeeded in reversing for all practical purposes, the outcome of the constitutional debate which had allocated control of the substantive law to the states." So in *Swift* v. *Tyson*, the great Joseph Story used the occasion which involved a technical point of commercial law, to announce that federal courts were to decide cases in the light of "general principles"—in other words, Story sanctioned, or acknowledged, the growth of a federal common law. Such an approach may have been salutary, even necessary, in the early years of the Republic, and may still be appropriate in essentially national areas of law such as maritime trade, but when its central use was exhausted a century later, it suffered an ignominious renunciation in *Erie* v. *Tompkins*.

But the most deeply divisive issue at the close of the epoch was the question of slavery, in which the judiciary was involved most acutely. The dilemma was as old as *Antigone*: judges were forced to uphold a law which they personally considered unjust and immoral. Instead of resigning or inviting impeachment by outright refusal to follow the law, most judges either fashioned escape routes through legal technicalities, or upheld the law implicitly, on the grounds that private moral sentiments had no place in the impartial enforcement of the law

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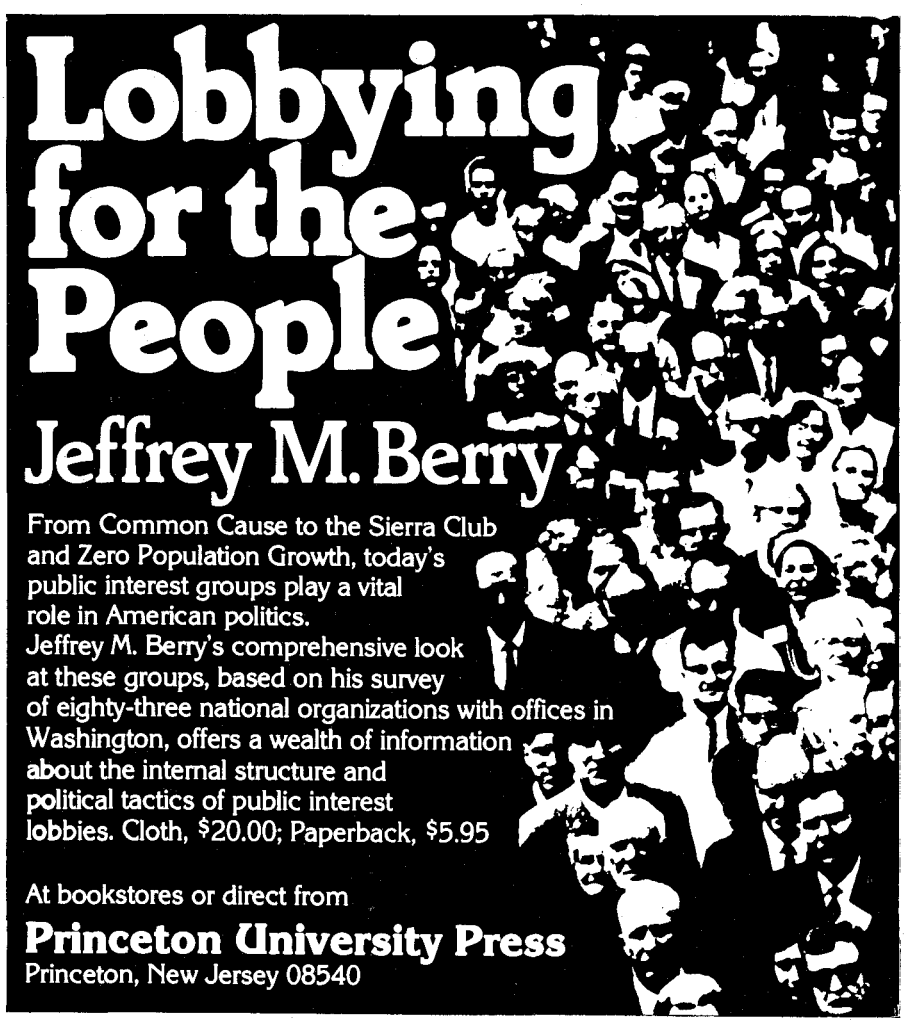
us the way was paved for a formalis- approach to adjudication which ilted the letter over the spirit. Here, more is heavily in debt to Robert ver's study of slavery and the judicial ocess, *Justice Accused*. Yet formalism did t die with Reconstruction, nor was it vays an instrument of evil; at the turn the 20th century Judge Benjamin rdozo of New York virtually rewrote e existing case law to give the common an a chance against big business, while ously insisting that precedent had en strictly followed.

By the latter half of the 19th century fficient consensus had been esta- ished in the United States to foster an tuitive approach to the resolution of olitical issues. It was an age of opti- ism, of faith, the American counter- art to the Victorian era, where science nd progress were twin watchwords. In act, the law itself was seen as a science. or Dean Christopher Columbus Lang- ell of the Harvard Law School, the law brary was literally a laboratory and the rinted case reports were the experi- ental materials. The eternal truths of e law which surely lay buried beneath e piles of cases were relatively few and mple, and could be arrived at rational- , "scientifically." By far the most scinating figure of this Age is Oliver Vendell Holmes—not Catherine Drink- r Bowen's Olympian Yankee, but a range, cynical and bitter pessimist, in olmesian language "a brooding omni- resence." Sketching this side of Hol- es's jurisprudence, Gilmore writes at the ultimate basis of all legal title for olmes was force and self-preference. he essence of Holmes's legal theory ilmore takes to be the following atement from *The Common Law*: "The rst requirement of a sound body of law , that it should correspond with the tual feelings and demands of the mmunity, whether right or wrong." ilmore is right in saying that this eans if the dominant majority in a ciety wishes to persecute blacks or ws or communists or atheists, it has a rfect right to do, provided only that ocedural fairness is observed. But this pect of Holmes's thought is obscure d ambiguous at best—the eloquent preme Court dissents against inhu- an labor laws, and championing the eedom of expression and the right to ivacy, clearly signify a somewhat ander conception of what the law ght to be, or of what the political orality of the nation might become. At y rate Gilmore would have to agree at Holmes devoted the rest of his life to averting the fulfillment of his worst fears. Gilmore's assertion that technological innovation slowed down during the second half of the century is similarly open to doubt. On this premise he advances the thesis that the resulting illusion of a stable body of law suggested the possibility of scientific reduction. Yet the relevant period, 1860-1910, saw the railroads expand to fill a continent, and the invention or development of the telephone, the electric light, the airplane, the automobile, the phonograph, and the radio. It is a Procrustean fit, if it is a fit at all, and another explanation is required. Indeed, the delineation of this period is altogether less happy (in both senses) than that of the first.

The essay on the Age of Anxiety is largely a memoir of the great legal scholars and teachers of the century Gilmore has known; this book comes at the twilight of an important career. At this juncture the quest for doctrinal unity and purity gave way to a sophisticated pluralism, as greater attention was now paid to the complex and irrational aspects of human behavior, especially by the Legal Realists, foremost among them Karl Llewellyn and Jerome Frank. One could have wished for an examination of this movement within a more comprehensive cultural setting, for certainly parallel trends were abroad in other fields, as the works of Joyce, Eliot, Freud, Kafka, Stravinsky and Picasso attest. The legacy of this age, the codifications of various areas of the old common law, such as contracts and torts—the Restatements—are still with us, and represent an attempted compromise between the straitjacket scientific uniformity of Langdell and the rough and ready quality of the ancient English statutes.

Although Gilmore savages Holmes, or at least his icon, Gilmore's own conclusions come close to Holmes's most famous epigram that the life of the law is not logic but experience, for in a postscript Gilmore writes that "the lesson of the past two hundred years is that we will do well to be on our guard against all-purpose theoretical solutions to our problems." The purpose of law, says Gilmore, is to resolve disputes in accordance with general principles based on broad consensus.

Weinreb, a Harvard professor, reviews the current theory and practice of our criminal justice system, and in clear,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straightforward prose levels criticisms at the process at every point—from arrest to trial to sentence—and proposes some major reforms. Weinreb spends the first half of the book arguing that the police are historically and properly only keepers of the public peace and not fact-gatherers for the courts. He recommends a specially trained investigating magistracy to collect the pertinent information once an arrest has been made and to prepare the findings for trial. The remainder of the essay attacks the theory of the adversary system and the practice which it has become, a hurried routine with minimal concern for the defendant which undermines the very virtues supposed to reside in the adversary process. In a telling expression, Weinreb states that "it is not so difficult to make decisions that are right enough." Instead of the traditional judge and jury, Weinreb proposes a presiding judge helped by a "jury" composed of two practicing attorneys and seven lay persons who are neither lawyers nor judges, with the presiding judge responsible for the presentation of evidence. Procedures and institutions similar to those outlined by Weinreb are found in some European countries, notably in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.

Weinreb would go far to eliminate the adversary system of justice, but a premier virtue of the system is that it makes contrasting positions available to those who must decide, and so is a reminder that there is no monopoly on this sort of truth. If this proposal were ever implemented, we should want to be assured that there remains an incentive for both sides to be thorough and honest. The jury composition is likewise a bit troublesome, for lawyers are a notoriously talkative and self-confident lot, and the purpose of this new type of jury would be subverted if the two attorneys on it tended to intimidate the lay jurors during deliberations. In small towns, moreover, there are also the possibilities of conflicting interests and exacerbated professional relationships depending on the lawyer-juror's vote.

By and large, however, Weinreb's critique is well thought out and the suggestions are reasonable ones. As for Gilmore, the life in his law makes not always for logic, but certainly for an experience.

Russell L. Caplan

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Terrorism
by Walter Laqueur
(Little, Brown; $10)

The Terrorizers
by Donald Hamilton
(Fawcett; $1.75)

Walter Laqueur's study is almost certainly the best of the recent books on terrorism. A modest and balanced survey by a writer of great skill, who knows foreign languages and can range widely over world history, it contrasts well with the breathless accounts and instant analyses to which we have more often been treated. This book is a companion to Laqueur's earlier *Guerrilla*, and the two together provide an admirable introduction to the central forms of contemporary violence. But I am afraid that they provide only an introduction. In neither volume does Laqueur develop the kind of analytic framework or make the decisive distinctions that mark a major work of scholarship.

The key to his success lies largely with what social scientists would call his "data base." He examines a large number of terrorisms, left and right, old and new, religious and nationalist. And since he is committed to the variety and particularity of his examples, his study issues in a sharp critique of virtually every generalization about terrorism that social scientists have attempted. Indeed, he makes the refutation of current academic theories and hypotheses look all-too-easy. He is especially critical of two related arguments that feed into, if they are not parasitic on, certain fashionable (once-fashionable?) ideologies: first, that terrorism is a method adopted only when no other means of political action is available; secondly, that terrorism is the weapon of the oppressed. The truth is, Laqueur suggests, that terrorism has developed only in liberal or in weak and inefficient authoritarian regimes, that is, precisely where other modes of action were available. Here is his only gene zation: the more radical the oppress the less likely is terrorist activ "Societies with the least political part pation and the most injustice have b the most free from terrorism in time." That is not an argument despotism and injustice, but it is argument against accepting the terr ist's description of himself as a desper man.

It is curious that so many soc scientists (and journalists too) have be so accepting of that description wher is so plainly false. False too are t common notions that terrorism h always been a leftist and revolutiona strategy and that it has been an effecti way of achieving political ends. claims of this sort, Laqueur brings wealth of information and a skeptic mind, and few of them survive h examination. But he might have reache for more than these denials and refut tions.

In Laqueur's account of the history terrorism, there is one major transfo mation that could have formed th thematic core of his book. Before Wor War II, the word terrorism by and larg described the politics of assassination; the years since, it has come to designa indiscriminate violence. Again ar again, Laqueur refers to this change, bu he never systematically discusses i Why did it occur? What does it mean? H assumes a moral (as well as a politica difference between assassination ar random killing, but, again, he nev makes the assumption explicit or d fends his own evaluation. When he pil up examples, he refers indiscriminate to these very different kinds of terror. is perhaps a sign of his skeptical min But this is the clearest point at which th mass of material that he has brougl together seems to require rather mo organization and analysis than he prepared to attempt.

One has to turn to more popul literature to find a more explicit argu ment. Donald Hamilton's thriller is fairly crude example of its genre, n well constructed, boring before it finished. But Hamilton's hero, wh works for some CIA-like organizatio raises himself at the end to a clarity th no academic writer on terrorism has y approached. His point is vulgarly mad but it is nice, nevertheless, to see made:

Anybody who wants to go out and shoot a specific politician whose policies he doesn't like, okay . . . I may be out there trying to

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him, but okay. He's got his target tified and he's taking all the risks involved oving in for the kill. And if he wants to a few specific establishment mercenaries you, or me, okay again. That's what we're d for; that's the risk we run . . . I'll fight hell to prevent it, but the guy is still a nan being as far as I'm concerned, even en he's trying to kill me. But these creeps are destroying exactly the human values they claim they're trying to save. They go out and do it the easy way, the coward's way, just blowing up anybody who happens to be handy, practically without risk, counting on just the concern for human life and dignity we're not supposed to have . . .

Michael Walzer

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ary Ritter Beard: A Sourcebook ited by Ann J. Lane

hocken Books; $15, $6.95 paper)

ıry Ritter Beard was, of course, the fe of Charles A. Beard, author of *An nomic Interpretation of the Constitution of the ited States* (1913). But Ann Lane would t have us identify her in that way. ith her husband, Mary Beard co-thored seven books including perhaps e most popular surveys of American story written in this century, *The Rise of nerican Civilization* (1927) and *A Basic story of the United States* (1944). She was, wever, also the author of six books in r own right and an activist, particular- in the cause of women. *Mary Ritter rd: A Sourcebook* includes an introduc- y biography and editorial comments Lane along with a selection of the bject's writings from books, articles, d speeches. Its purpose, quite simply, "to reintroduce Mary Ritter Beard to e public and provide her ideas with the cognition she sought and should have d in her lifetime."

Does the book succeed? Yes and no. rtainly it fails to establish Mary Beard "the most important woman historian our age," as the publicity claims. How uld it, when it omits selections from r most important historical work cause it was written with her hus- nd? The writings included are, more- er, tracts more than history even at eir most historical: that is, the past is t studied in its own terms, but is used support a contemporary cause. Nor es her style help. Even Lane admits r writing was often heavy, pedantic, en dreary.

Still, there remains something elusive d fascinating about this woman long lden in the shadow of her large and ullient husband, something closely d to the story of American women in is century. Chronologically Mary ard is close to us—only a few genera- ns away; and like so many modern women, she tried to break away from the confinements of domesticity, yet clung far more than others to the 19th-century conception of women as above all wives and mothers. Perhaps because she is so near in time the very incompleteness of her break with tradition seems to pose a threat, an invitation less to understanding than to condemnation by a younger and more "liberated" generation. It is not, in any case, easy to understand a woman who was at different times an outspoken suffragist and an opponent of the Equal Rights Amendment, a critic of "intransigent feminists" and a crusader for women's history as the way to revolutionize society.

Mary Ritter was born in 1876, the daughter of an Indianapolis lawyer and active Methodist, Eli Foster Ritter, and his wife, Narcissa Lockwood Ritter. She met Charles Beard, an "aggressive, energetic, demanding" young man, while both were students at DePauw University. The Beards spent their first married years in England, where they became involved in radical causes while Charles continued his studies. In 1902, with a year-old daughter in tow, they both entered Columbia University as graduate students, Charles in history, his wife in sociology.

An academic career was, however, not in Mary Beard's future: she left graduate school in 1904, bore the Beards' second and final child, a son, in 1907, and by 1910 was deeply involved in both the National Women's Trade Union League and the Woman Suffrage Party. Her interest in labor and women's suffrage dated from her years in England; and of the two causes, she confessed in 1914, her primary allegiance was to working-women. That commitment distinguished her from others in the primarily middle-class women's movement and explains her break with the Woman's Party once suffrage was won and the Party's interest swung toward the Equal Rights Amendment. In those days of sweatshop labor, workingwomen sought and won not equal but special protection for themselves and for children. "Equal treatment of unequals," as one spokeswoman put it, "is the greatest inequality."

More than a conflict of causes was changing Mary Beard's life: as she pulled away from the Woman's Party, she pleaded her obligations to husband and children. Gradually her days as a militant feminist sank into the past; indeed, she later dismissed her contributions there as "trash." Instead she became, Lane notes, a social analyst and critic. Her first book, *Women's Work in Municipalities*, was published in 1915 when she was 39; and her activism took on a different character as she made one of the first major attempts to collect historical materials on women, headed a project to correct the male bias of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and, finally sought to introduce the teaching of women's history in colleges and universities, a cause that became an admitted obsession in the years before her death in 1958.

Not all women's history would do. That which stressed the oppression of women through time she dismissed as "simple feminism," silly, provincial, dangerous. Women, she recognized, were not respected or even taken seriously in her own time: "what is feminine," she wrote in 1913, "is hysterical, frenzied, or just idiotic—in a man's world." But the proper strategy against such attitudes was not that of the "suffragists at their wailing wall." Instead women's history should teach the critical contributions of women to humanity, and so convince women (and men) not of women's weakness but of their strength and creativity, and thereby help build a future more in accord with the historic dignity of females. Women's history was not, then, in any way a dispassionate or "academic" activity: it was a political act, a liberating force.

Just what had women done? Almost everything, it seems, but their most significant contributions came out of the home. As primitive women invented cooking, spinning, doctoring, they launched civilization: "woman, by means of these domestic innovations, lifted her low-browed male companion above the wild beasts that he hunted . . . and devoured in the raw." Al-

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though she stressed female actions to balance the male bias of traditional history, Beard never saw the women's historian's task as one of proving that "woman were also there." They were instead to demonstrate "how far this is both a man's and a woman's world, . . . how their destinies *are bound together and why*." No lurking hatred of men lay behind her commitment. Beard, whose apparently warm and satisfying marriage lasted nearly a half century, warned "modern feminists" that "there is no pleasure for a woman unless the man shares it." The needs of the sexes were mutual: "if husbands and maternity are essential to women's mental health, paternity and wives are also vital to that of the males," and the stability of the state, she thought, depended upon marriage and the family.

Beard's emphasis on women's special role, on the "eternal feminine" involvement with "the care of life," resembles her earlier arguments for women's suffrage. The vote, she claimed, would allow women a greater voice on issues of particular concern to them such as the white slave traffic, mother's pensions, unemployment, education, child labor. These marked "a long journey from women's old sphere, the three Ks"—kinder, küche, kirche—, as she noted, but a woman's sphere it was nonetheless. In the care of children above all women had not just an interest but an expertise that commanded respect in the Progressive Era, an age of experts when social regulation became again a prominent public concern.

It comes as no surprise that Beard failed to support professional careers for women. She condemned careerism, paid work, "credentials," and institutional affiliations as unnecessary and even dangerous since they co-opted women into a man's world and mentality, like that of the female college professors who so resisted her pleas for women's history. Women had always made their contributions without remuneration, and pay would somehow prostitute their efforts. Women's independence from traditional networks of power, moreover, supposedly gave them a greater opportunity to alter society in a creative way. So she insisted on working for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* without pay, and established no enduring institutional affiliation.

She paid a price for these principles in a pervasive amateurism and powerlessness that continually blunted her effectiveness. "If she had been caught up in the dialogue of a university seminar, if her work had been subjected to criticism from colleagues, she might have examined and resolved some of the stylistic and substantive shortcomings," Lane notes. And had Beard's causes been better organized, her affiliations more substantial, her pleas less shrill, her causes might have been more successful. But as it was, her World Center for Women's Archives was dissolved in 1940 for inadequate financing; the suggestions her task force made for revising the *Encyclopedia Britannica* were safely ignored; the elaborate syllabus she constructed for a women's history remained unused; and the books she wrote by herself received little recognition, while those she co-authored with her husband were attributed mainly to him.

In the end Mary Beard suffered a gnawing sense of failure which, despite Lane's denials, was sadly justified, and not just because her "time had not yet come." She is hardly a model for women attempting to combine scholarship and activism or professional work w traditional commitment to the hom children; nor, since the Beards appa ly destroyed their private papers, her life throw much light on problems of women who try to jug these roles. Women who want t something more and different than husbands' wives are best advise abandon the women's sphere and vc teerism, to join the world that excluded them.

But was that what Mary B wanted? One suspects that she fel resentment of her identity as I Charles Beard. In their mutual relat ship she found a meaning, a dignity, defined her most profound convicti one that demands our recognition respect.

Pauline Mai

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Letters to an American Jewish Friend: A Zionist's Polemic by Hillel Halkin

(Jewish Publication Society; $7.50)

Anyone familiar with Zionist literature will find nothing startling in Halkin's thesis: Jewish survival in the Diaspora is doomed either by persecution or assimilation; only an independent Jewish state offers a realistic hope for the continued existence of the Jewish people; ergo, all Jews, particularly all American Jews, anxious for the continuity of Jewish peoplehood should in line with this desire settle in Israel so as to strengthen it numerically and spiritually. These are the formulations of classical Zionism. The exhortations of current Zionist journalists who make the same argument have had little practical effect. Sociological studies of the vanishing American Jew are standard fare for American Jewry without reducing its appetite for intermarriage. According to some recent calculations, if the present low birth rate and high degree of intermarriage continue, the American Jewish community is likely to be less than a million a hundred years hence, and possibly considerably smaller: The incredible figure of 10,420 by the year 2076 has been cited. At the same ti appeals for *aliyah*, immigration to Isr fall on sympathetic hearts but deaf e

It is precisely because the prosp appears so stark that Halkin has writ his *Letters* whose brilliance and eloque have attracted a degree of attent rarely offered to what might be missed as a restatement of stand Zionist ideology. However what dist guishes a superb essayist is not nece arily the originality of his basic conce but the freshness of his elaborati Almost every page of this book spark The informed reader instead of be bored by what he knows too well delighted by the dazzle and ingenuity Halkin's aphorisms and parables. H also moved and troubled anew as he n not be by statistical tables of dark foreboding about the future of the Je And those who have never read Her Achad Ha'Am or later Zionist writ will find the central argument novel a provocative.

The author has cast his polemic ir the form of letters to a fictitic

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rican friend. This device gives the
:r, a young American Jew now
g in Israel, the freedom to escape
the confines of a conventional
retical exposition and enables him
e candid in the admission of doubts
isappointments, so that the letters
ten against the background of
el, filled with personal references to
ice in the army, the birth of a child,
whole of the Israeli scene and
ery, become not so much a polemic
poignant self-revelation. The puta-
"friend" is Halkin's alter ego; the
espondence appears to mirror the
er conflict which Halkin resolved by
decision to settle in Israel, for the
nd's counterarguments are phrased
elicitously as Halkin's. The author is
nolishing no straw man. This gives
exchange a glow of individual
erience at no sacrifice of intellectual
tlety. Nor do the details of daily life
Israel become anecdotal. For all their
rm they serve not to lighten but to
nforce the argument.

Halkin is at his best in demonstrating
t Jewish life in the Diaspora has no
ble future. Since he is addressing an
nerican Jew he does not resort to
oking the specter of another holo-
st; instead he examines the relentless
ft to assimilation through intermarri-
and the factors which encourage this
t. For most Jews the great cohesive
ce of religion is spent. In a secular era
hollowness of Jewish religious
liation as expressed in synagogue
ndance or periodic ceremonial ob-
vances at weddings or Bar Mitzvahs
elf-evident. No Philip Roth is needed
oring these tidings. If present demo-
phic trends remain unchecked the
nerican Jewish community appears
ded for a disastrous decline—
nstrous if Jewish survival is viewed as
irable: Since the assumption of the
respondence is that the friend is a
nmitted Jew in whose view the
nless extinction of the Jewish people
uld seem almost as tragic as annihila-
n, the argument is conducted within
fundamental consenus.

The author comments tartly on the
of Jewish intellectuals who since the
ightenment have been in the fore-
nt of the assimilatory trend. What
d has been the intellectual explosion
t followed upon emancipation from
tight, homogeneous ghetto? "It has
n suggested, I know, that Marx,
ud and Einstein embody distinctively
ish modes of thought in their work;
t one finds in Marx, for example, a
ular translation of Jewish prophetic
Messianism; in Freud, a Jewish gift for introspection; in Einstein, the sense of relativity that a Jew as an outsider brings to all things . . . Yet supposing that only a Jew could have become a Marx or a Freud, just as only certain species of caterpillars can turn into certain butterflies, what difference does this make? A butterfly when it breeds produces more caterpillars, while a Marx or a Freud, when read, do not produce more Jews." Halkin does not bother to add that in the case of Marx quite the reverse has followed, as Marx's notorious assault on Judaism testifies.

Nor is Halkin enchanted by "the masochistic notion of Jewish existence" adopted by popular Jewish writers. The stylish notion of the Jew as the symbol of the alienated modern man or as the suffering "shlemiel" hardly strengthens a vigorous sense of Jewish peoplehood: "It's all very well to say that we have been affected by our marginality in the diaspora as an oyster is by an irritant which makes him produce a fine pearl, but once the much praised oyster is pried open and the pearl extracted what remains for the oyster?"

As to the vogue of the Jewish counter-culture in which young Jews form communes to evolve a new ethnicity, Halkin is equally caustic: "Instead of middle-class Jews imitating middle-class Gentiles, we now have anti-middle-class Jews imitating anti-middle-class Gentiles . . . The transforming of Judaism into an esthetic experience bereft of genuine religious belief will not revitalize it, nor will communing with nature near Walden Pond on the Sabbath . . . . Thoreau is not in need of an honorary rabbinical degree." The handfuls of Jewish *havuras* (communes) on or near an American campus will not stem the tide of departure.

It is hard to quarrel with this bleak prognosis. The next step then appears self-evident—*aliyah*, settlement in an independent Jewish state, the only environment in which Jews will inevitably remain Jews. Yet at this climactic point the author's firm grip weakens. How indeed does one demonstrate rationally that Jewish survival is an absolute good for which Diaspora Jews should sacrifice intimate desires (marriage with a loved individual) and for which Israelis should struggle desperately whatever the odds and apocalyptic dangers? Halkin's trouble at this stage is his awareness not only of the uncertain-

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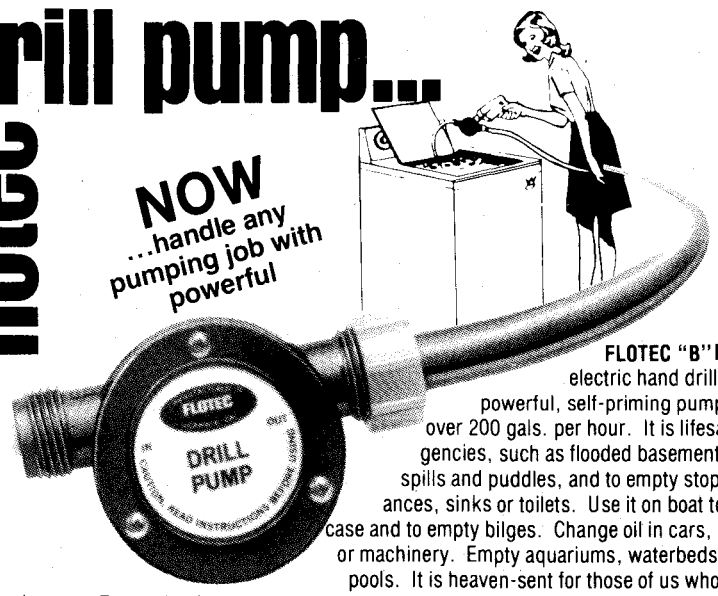

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ties of Israel's physical existence but of the deficiencies in the nature of the Jewish life being developed there. Halkin is so exquisitely sensitive to the apprehensions of his correspondent that he risks losing his case. Squarely facing the question whether a secular Jewish identity is any more viable in Israel than in the Diaspora he perceives the paradox of exchanging one "Jewish blind alley" for another, only in a far less comfortable setting. In describing what he considers the failure of Israel to evolve an authentic Jewish culture, Halkin becomes too convincing a devil's advocate. Commenting on the clash of the ascetic, Messianic values of the East European pioneers with the traditions of subsequent waves of Oriental Jews, he concludes that what resulted has been less "a process of mutual enrichment than of mutual annihilation"—the product, a levantine, rococo, hodge-podge country whose manners and life-style are lifted eclectically from every part of the globe. Here Halkin indulges a tendency to literary over-kill encouraged by the casual format of the *Letters*, but partially balanced by his evocation of those aspects of Israeli life which enchant and inspire him.

Nevertheless, with the prospect for Israel's future, Jewishly or unJewishly, so unsure, why should the friend yield to the writer's appeal to reinforce the Jewish state by adding to its numerical strength; why, to put it plainly, did Halkin himself decide to place his young family on so frail a life-raft? Just as the analysis of Jewish fate offered by Halkin is that of classical Zionism so is his answer. A normal people needs a land of its own and a language of its own. From this all else follows. The poet Bialik once wrote that a people has as much heaven about it, as it has earth beneath. With more sophistication Halkin echoes this perception throughout.

Halkin ends his argument with a witty parable. Koala bears, a vanishing species, argue whether they should retire to a small sanctuary of Eucalyptus trees—the only environment in which they can flourish though it is threatened by enemies; or acquiesce to the inevitable and accept gradual extinction outside the dangerous grove? The last word is given to Halkin's spokesman: "You are a koala bear . . . You are condemned to suffer your own nature. You are not, however, condemned to suffer it meaninglessly or in a place where it counts for nothing." In *Doctor Zhivago*, Boris Pasternak formulated the dilemma from the point of view of a progressive koala. A character meditating on the century-long agony of the Jews asks, "Why this useless martyrdom?" The question as posed provides its answer. Zionist koalas, on the other hand, have stubbornly sought not only to give the martyrdom meaning but to liberate the victim from his proverbial suffering.

In the "numbers game" Halkin has been playing with his friend—Israel needs more settlers to survive and American Jews need Israel because they are an endangered species in their agreeable habitat—the most persuasive gambit is one that defies demonstration: the will of a healthy organism to persist, an impulse as strong and irrational as love or hate, and as essential to life. Jews, no more than other peoples, need to be burdened with a sense of mission or special excellence to justify their existence. Fallible, vulnerable, they have in the extremity of their recent past created Israel. The emergence of the Jewish state from the cauldron of the Holocaust is the triumph of the Zionist idea. Beside Israel's role as haven and champion from the Nazi years to the awakening of Soviet Jewry, Ha acute notations of the young cour imperfections seem almost diversio For the central thrust of his argu remains. With humor, metaphor passion, Halkin compels a moral frontation with the alternatives be the Jewish people—ease in a fa Diaspora or unease in Zion—a cre unease full of marvelous possibilitie Israel has shown in the three decades of its stormy existence.

In the course of the argument Ha discusses the Arab problem and Isr role in the Middle East with acumen sensitivity to the position of the ot side. Such analysis, however, may found in many books. Halkin's contri tion, though perhaps extreme in assessment, is his daring raising of ultimate issue—what Georges Fri mann has dramatically called *La Fin Peuple Juif*.

Marie Syrk

Marie Syrkin was until recently editor the Herzl Press and has written exte sively on Zionism.

Reconsideration

Fanny Hill by John Cleland

At the start of the second letter which makes up the latter half of the *Memoirs of a Lady of Pleasure*, John Cleland has his heroine apologize to the Lady who has solicited from Fanny Hill her "confession." Fanny's letter is late, she explains, because she had expected that the lady, "instead of pressing me to a continuation, would have acquitted me of the task": "I imagined, indeed, that you would have been cloyed and tired with uniformity of adventures and expressions, inseparable from a subject of this sort, whose bottom, or ground work [is], in the nature of things, eternally one and the same. Whatever variety of forms and modes the situations are susceptible of, there is no escaping a repetition of near the same images, the same figures, the same expressions, with this further inconvenience added to the disgust it creates, that the words JOYS, ARDOURS, TRANSPORTS, ECSTASIES, and the rest of those pathetic terms so congenial to, so received in the PRACTICE OF PLEASURE, flatten and lose much of their due spirit and energy by the frequency they indispensably rec with, in a narrative of which th PRACTICE professedly composes t whole basis." In short, Fanny's bottom or groundwork—is a matter of practic repetition, or repetitious practice, h life as a Lady of Pleasure and the recc of it sharing an esthetic problem common: "Frequency of use dulls t sensation."

In acknowledging the "extreme dif culty of continuing so long in o strain," Fanny appeals to her audito "imagination and sensibility," whc "pleasing task" it is to "supplement" h "descriptions" when they "flag or fai "The one will readily place the picture present before your eyes; the other gi life to the colours where they are dull, worn with too frequent handling." He again esthetics is bonded to the langua of sensation, and that Cleland's image is derived from pictorial rather th prosaic arts is essential to his chos craft, pornography being an estheticiz voyeurism. That Fanny's memoirs ta the form of epistles further dramatiz

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fact, giving the reader access to a / correspondence, but since the ns of the novel include the epistomode, we can extend the voyeuristic ciple to narrative prose in general. ed, all mimetic art, whether by ns of the proscenium arch or the gin on a page, places a conventional ne—hence, a window—between ormance and audience, and pornogıy differs from other kinds of ature chiefly because of its prurient eal.

ince the putative purpose of *Fanny* would seem to be the sexual lation of a predominantly male lience, the proper subject as well as ect should be the female body, yet it is male shape—*the* male shape—which ninates the scenes. The sequence of ages culminates in the episode involv; an idiot boy appropriately named ood-natured Dick," who is the Thing elf: A "soft simpleton . . . perfectly ll made, stout, clean-limbed, tall of his e, as strong as a horse." Dick is so gularly gifted below his belt that ature, [having] done so much for him those parts, perhaps held herself quitted in doing so little for his head." cause of this phallic emphasis, *Fanny l* can be read in Freudian terms as an vanced case of penis envy, the male mber being throughout "the amaz; pleasing object of all my wishes, all dreams, all my love, the king mber indeed!" Cleland's sexual impelism is certainly flattering to the male o, to the extent perhaps of fattening illusions of the exhibitionist: "By my n experience, I found it too true that iects which affright us, when we mot get from them, draw our eyes as cibly as those that please us [so that] it part chiefly, by a kind of natural tinct, attracted, detained, captivated attention: it was out of the power of my modesty to command my eye ay from it." We are on the verge, are not, of Burke's definition of the blime, even perilously close to Wordsrth's monstrous ego, but when we mine the psychological necessity of rnography, we can find a less ndiose—but definitely esthetic—tive.

For Fanny's awe when confronting central fact of her life as a whore is t and parcel of her characteristic ssivity, her perpetual surrender to e: "No condition of life," she reflects, more subject to revolutions than that a woman of pleasure." Fanny's willing ssivity, along with the book's episodic ality and seamy scenery, are acknowledged qualities of the picaresque mode. But it is a very special version of picaresque, in which Fanny's "revolutions" are pretty much held to place. Where the picaro is generally figured as being in linear motion, his flight through town and country providing the occasion for a diagrammatic satire of society, Fanny stays in bed, herself a lure that attracts a variety of ever-larger male organs. There is some degree of social criticism, a Smollett-like attack on procurers and other victimizers of helpless women, but Cleland's purpose is hardly satiric, anger being a mood inimical to pleasure. Fanny's passivity serves to arouse not our anger or pity but our sexual libido, for it is integral to her chief talent, which is, she tells us, that "of pleasing," a "taste for pleasure [being] strongly constitutional to me," regarded by her as "the greatest of all merits." Fanny is, in effect, the pleasure principle incarnate, and as a willing participant in all that occurs, she lacks that quality of suffering amidst adversity which is so dominant a dimension in the conventional picaresque novel.

Peter Quennell has noted that Cleland's novel was published in close company with Richardson's *Pamela* and Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, and has suggested that Cleland like Fielding may have been parodying Richardson's rectitudinous maiden by means of his willing whore, for whom vice is not only its own reward but the pathway to eventual prosperity. But that is the grand tradition initiated by Daniel Defoe in *Moll Flanders*, and we are better off I think if we sever any particular connections with Richardson's novel while viewing *Fanny Hill* as an interesting sport, sharing as many qualities with the domestic novel as with the picaresque. This is particularly evident in the second half of the narrative, for the whorehouse in which Fanny finds a happy home is put forth in images which toy with the conventional assumptions of Richardson's genre. Run by a Mrs. Cole, who "fancied she saw in me a resemblance to an only daughter whom she had lost at my age," and into whose hands Fanny puts herself "blindly," coming, "at length, to regard, love, and obey her implicitly," the establishment is disguised as a millinery shop, where "everything breathed an air of decency, modesty, and order"—a sweet breath not of ill but respectable repute.

Along with those other little women, Emily, Harriet, and Louisa, Fanny makes up "a little family of love, in which the members found so sensibly their account, in a rare alliance of pleasure with interest, and of a necessary outward decency with unbounded secret liberty." As a family establishment, Mrs. Cole's house is also a business, herself "delighting in encouraging a brisk circulation of trade for the sake of the trade itself," being a madam as mercantilist; as a business, it is a joint-stock enterprise, in which the several partners "had been effectually brought to sacrifice all jealousy, or competition of charms, to a common interest, and considered me a partner that was bringing no despicable stock of goods into the trade of the house;" as a family business, moreover, the house is also a model democracy, "the sameness of our sex, age, profession, and views soon created as unreserved a freedom and intimacy as if we had been for years acquainted"; as a democracy, it is ruled over by the benevolent Mrs. Cole, who "governed . . . with ease to herself and [us] too." In short, like *Pamela* and *Joseph Andrews*, Cleland's *Fanny Hill* attests to the propinquity of the emerging novel and the rising middle class, though with Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, it reverses roles and emphases, being a most subversive book.

The house run by Mrs. Cole is, in effect, a utopia not of liberty but of libertinism: "The authors and supporters of this secret institution would, in the height of their humors, style themselves the restorers of the golden age and its simplicity of pleasures, before their innocence became so injustly branded with the names of guilt and shame." Styled by Fanny as "the safest, politest, and, at the same time, the most thorough house of accommodation in town," it shelters a family of "choice familiars" who "had found the secret so rare and difficult, of reconciling even all the refinements of taste and delicacy with the most gross and determinate gratifications of sensuality." Here again is the esthetic problem as earlier defined by Cleland, a problem which the girls have solved and by solving it they have provided Cleland's solution, for when Fanny is initiated "into the sisterhood," unity becomes variety, the essential act being henceforth performed in a metaphoric series of mirrors, each of which reflects a different image.

It is significant in this regard that the first thing the girls do after Fanny arrives is to recount, in turn, the circumstances of losing their maidenheads. That is to say, having moved in the first part of his narrative from Fanny's deflowering to her willing

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participation in the loss of a young man's virginity, Cleland starts over again, initiating a series of episodes which end with Fanny posing as a virgin in order to bilk a broken-down roué. If phallic imagery dominates the metaphoric burden, the loss of virginity carries the narrative, playing upon the fact of "that innocence which men so ardently require in us, for no other end than to feast themselves with the pleasures of destroying it." But the narrative likewise becomes increasingly bizarre in subject matter, Fanny eventually subjecting herself—for pleasure's sake—to the painful attentions of a flagellant. Her last adventure under the management of Mrs. Cole is a swimming party in the Thames, a pastoral (hence "golden-age") entertainment, but one which ends with a lame acknowledgement of the limitations (hence limits) of pornography: "We were well under weigh, but with a fair wind up channel, and full-freighted; nor indeed were we long before we finished our trip to Cythera, and unloaded in the old haven; but, as the circumstances did not admit of much variation, I shall spare you the description." The allusion to Watteau's great, erotic *Embarkation* is telling, ending as it does with such an abrupt shift in style, for "unloading in the old haven" is certainly a marvellously vernacular but hardly a titillating finale.

Fanny's trip to Cythera in effect brings us back once again to the pornographer's dilemma, and suggests that the author himself is flagging in his interest. Cleland might have gone on and involved his heroine in increasingly baroque adventures but instead he settles her upon an aging "rational pleasurist," who conveniently dies, leaving Fanny in comfortable circumstances, ready to reunite in marriage with her lost lover, Charles. Abandoning Cythera, Fanny at last arrives "snug into port," putting ashore at that citadel of domestic felicity, "the bosom of virtue," and lives happily ever after off the fruits of vice. With Defoe's Moll, Cleland's Fanny adds to her lengthy inscription on the backside of Venus a "tail-piece of morality," insisting (without demonstration) that the joys of Vice are "comparatively inferior to those which Virtue gives sanction to." But there is a much more valid lesson to be derived from her story, for to be pleasure bound, finally, is to be anchored to the limitations of flesh: there is only so much room on Venus's bottom, and Cythera, after all, is an island.

John Seelye

The Back of the Book

Close Reading Carter

As the people of Poland recently discovered, President Carter is not the easiest of men to understand. Our canniest political commentators do nothing but Carter studies these days—What does the President mean by this or that? What is his overall design? By now, the pundits tell themselves, we should have this guy pinned down. They kick their children, scream in their sleep. It's pathetic to watch; and quite hopeless.

The reason political commentators have not come to grips with the Carter administration—indeed, will never do so—is that they're untrained for the task. What the Carter administration requires is literary analysis. This technique is thoroughly useless in interpreting novels and poems, but is generally infallible in matters of politics. All the literary critic needs is a written document to which to apply his professional skill. Until a few weeks ago such a document was missing from the Carter people. But now, I'm pleased to report, it lies before us like the map to Poe's gold bug.

The document is innocuously entitled *The White House Telephone Directory*. It comes to us courtesy of the *National Journal*, and without White House sanction, understandably. On the surface the *Directory* is simply a list of White House employees, their phone numbers, and areas of responsibility. The list is clear, easy to read, and provides helpful touches, such as placing the nicknames of certain employees in parentheses below their given names. If you were calling the Special Assistant to the President for Special Projects, you would ask not for Martha, bu (Bunny).

To go by names alone, some of people are clearly in the wrong (This by the way is precisely the ki clue political analysts miss.) For e ple, in the Office of the Press Secre to the President are two emplo named Dolittle and Purks. Som named Coolidge is "director of Office of Presidential Messages," w suggests that the messages are te but throws their confidentiality question because Coolidge works wi woman named Peek, who inspires confidence than Gates, an assistant National Security Affairs.

I'm also suspicious of Yarham Parham in "Intergovernmental Affai of a fellow named Deal, who hanc "international economics"; and another named Sick, whose area is Middle East. The associate director the Domestic Policy Staff, in charge "agriculture, disasters, economic dev opment, forestry, food stamps, [a rural development" is named Daft, say the least.

On the other hand, some names se admirably suited to their work. Cutt for instance, in the Office of Mana ment and Budget; Howe, in the Office Science and Technology Policy. A m named Cable is "deputy assistant congressional liaison," and he is assist by a man named Free. Then there Frank and Wise in the offices of t Cabinet and the appointments secreta respectively. And, perhaps most appro riate of all, Jane Wales, whose duties staff assistant in the Office of t Assistant to the President for Pub Liaison (Midge), include not only t "people program, consumer, gover ment reform, education, minoriti science and technology, [and] Asia American groups," but "conservati and wildlife" as well.

Names offer one set of clues; numbe another. There are 16 employees in t Office of the Special Assistant to t President for Appointments. Presum bly, if you want to chat with t President, you start with Mark Weiner (number 16), and crawl yo way up through various "directors scheduling" until you arrive at t threshold of Ellis A. Woodward, "dire tor of advance." At this point you're s from the top. Still, it must be easier th dealing with the total of 37 people list in the office of the press secretaries the President, the Vice-President, a the First Lady. Even without Dolitt and Purks, the White House has mo

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e serving press secretaries than the nal Security Council, which proba- ieans that although we'll come out e short end of a nuclear attack, we'll le to write it up as if we won.

far as one can tell, the major work e Carter administration is handled iree staff members named Kaptur, es and Schuman. These three could, ieir listed activities are accurate, id a country as soon as their present are over. That eventuality seems kely. Kaptur alone is responsible for nmunity development, city plan- ;, Indian housing, housing counsel- historic preservation, architecture, iness strip revitalization [sic], in- trial conservation, lending institu- i practices, [and the] Small Business ninistration." That leaves Raines to er "aging, education, family policy, d stamps, income maintenance [I st phone Mr. Raines], school akfast and lunch, social security, lfare reform [and] antitrust." iuman's work is limited to "govern- nt reorganization" and "openness l integrity in government," but that's dly chicken feed in this era.

This overloading, of course, explains y Carter is in such a jam, and why his grams are impenetrable. No three ple could handle all these jobs, ticularly under the shadow of a man ned Pettigrew, Special Assistant to President for Reorganization, who bably reshuffles assignments daily t to keep busy. Moreover, many of se assignments collide with others. otur handles Indian housing, for mple, but Marilyn Haft is in charge ndians, and Katherine P. Schirmer is igned to "Indian affairs" which uire housing at some point. Kaptur handles historic preservation, but nes handles aging, both of which st eventually conflict with the duties Nelson H. Cruikshank, "counsel on ng to the President," who, if you ask , needs Cruikshank's counsels a lot than Kaptur, Raines and Schuman. nnie Gutierrez is listed as covering il rights and justice" and "women's ies (excluding abortion)," which ws her to stay clear of Robert vely, assistant director for eight ngs including abortion, but not of rt Schmoke, whose bailiwick consists only of the "District of Columbia, nsportation, sports, and the Olym- s," but also of "busing"—an odd nbination unless "busing" means nsporting the Olympic team to and m the District of Columbia.

n fact, the odd combinations, not the overloaded assignments, are the real key to this mess, for nothing else so concisely reveals the nettings of Carter's mind. Consider Steve Simmons, assigned to both the civil service and "compensation to victims of crime," and one gets an idea of Carter's attitude toward the civil service. William Johnston's triple interest in "manpower, economic development [and] maritime affairs" hints at a public works project in off-shore drilling. Ms. Daft's conjunction of disasters and agriculture will not cheer the nation's farmers. And Ms. Haft's concern for "population, arts, food and nutrition groups, and foreign policy" suggests that fewer artists will be eating better, if overseas.

Finally, there are some things literary analysis cannot explain, such as Helen C. Donaldson's appointment as "confidential assistant," which seems a backhand insult to those merely called "assistants"; and Barbara Block's position as "social aide" on the First Lady's staff whereas according to those interested in such things, she is needed desperately in Hamilton Jordan's office. Then there are Mary Finch Hoyt, "press secretary to the First Lady and East Wing coordinator" and Faith Collins, "assistant to the press secretary to the First Lady and East Wing coordinator," inexplicably leaving the West Wing uncoordinated. To rub it in, Coates Redmon is listed as "East Wing writer," which seems pretty picky.

To sum up, then: The trouble with the Carter administration is that too many people with the wrong names are doing too many jobs; too few people with the right names are doing the right jobs; and 37 press secretaries are too much. Thank you.

Roger Rosenblatt

The Wiley Controversy

We are by now accustomed, if not inured, to Daniel Patrick Moynihan's excesses of rhetoric. However, in a book review in the pages of this journal (*TNR*, Nov. 5, 1977), he outdid his past excesses. *A Passion for Equality* is a probing and sensitive account by Nick and Mary Lynn Kotz of the life of George A. Wiley and of the National Welfare Rights Organization which he led, and it is profoundly respectful. But no reader would know this from Moynihan's review, which compliments the authors and then goes on to distort the events they recount beyond recognition. In plain English, Moynihan is a liar. And he lies with malice and purpose, since he has a large personal stake in the interpretation of these same events.

One of these events was the legislative defeat of the Family Assistance Plan. The main elements of FAP had been developed by policy analysts in the Johnson administration; then, after the election of 1968, Moynihan sold the idea to Nixon, and went on to put himself forward as the architect of the plan, savagely condemning any who opposed what he called "a quantum leap in social policy." Many liberals suspected FAP might constitute a quantum leap backwards, and opposed it, or tried to improve it through amendments.

The point is not to resurrect the issue; rather, the point is there *was* an issue that divided people of liberal persuasion. But Moynihan sweeps these differences aside, and then goes on to vilify Wiley for opposing the bill for which Moynihan wants credit and glory.

Moynihan has long argued that Wiley and NWRO killed FAP. Now, with breathtaking nerve, he attributes this conclusion to the Kotzes. The Kotzes do indeed report that Moynihan thinks Wiley killed the bill, and that Wiley thought so too. But they go on to offer other explanations of the bill's defeat, noting that Nixon abandoned it at a crucial juncture, and that Senate conservatives led by Russell Long made the fate of the bill doubtful from the outset. For our part, we find it hard to believe that George Wiley and his small band of welfare mothers were more significant opponents of FAP than the President and the conservative Senate coalition. But it suits Moynihan's purposes to becloud the obvious, for Nixon was Moynihan's patron, and Senator Long is his ally in the current Congressional drive for new and harsh welfare restrictions.

Moynihan vilifies with deftly-worded generalities, which turn out to be preposterous when the reader pauses to wonder. For instance: "George Wiley, as is well known, ran the National Welfare Rights Organization, and in about five years ran it into the ground." Now Moynihan knows, as most of us know, that all the black protest organizations (SCLC, SNCC, CORE) had virtually collapsed by the early 1970s, and for the same reasons. Protest movements set in motion large-scale forces which in time transform and destroy them. Thus, protest is always episodic; it never lasts. But Moynihan is not interested in

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shedding light on these matters. He is only interested in defaming Wiley.

Perhaps the most absurd theme is Moynihan's suggestion that Wiley was the tool of a conspiracy among the rich to defeat the "movement" for a guaranteed income (*i.e.*, FAP), and to destroy NWRO as well. First we are treated to a scenario in which the "scions of great American fortunes" suborn the movement for a guaranteed income by hiring George Wiley as their "agent provocateur." Then we are told this scenario is not serious. Later we are told that Wiley was "throughout his activist career inordinately dependent on money he was given by extremely rich, established people," and that a Marxist would say "these rich people were 'objectively' interested" in the failure of NWRO. Still later we are told that there is "no proof" of all this. Of course, the whole idea is outlandish; Wiley's funds came from the same sources that supported the civil rights and anti-war movements. But this is not really meant as a serious argument. It is meant only to tarnish Wiley with the brush of repeated innuendo.

Moynihan tries to give credibility to his assaults by claiming a special friendship. "I presume to say this because I knew George Wiley longer, surely, than his biographers and possibly in ways better. . . . He frequently told me he learned from our conversations, indeed that my work in the end led to his." Wiley is dead; he can no longer disavow this bizarre claim to friendship. But Wiley was our close friend and we his constant companions from the inception of NWRO until he died, a period in which Moynihan came to be seen as an enemy of black people and of poor people by many black leaders. Wiley was no exception. He viewed Moynihan as an egotist and an opportunist, someone not to be trusted on any count. And far from learning from Moynihan, Wiley vigorously disagreed with him, particularly with his 1965 report on the weakness of the black family. The Kotzes made this absolutely clear, devoting several pages to Wiley's rebuttal. But Moynihan blithely ignores what is surely a reviewer's elementary obligation—to report accurately what a book says.

At the close of his review, Moynihan himself puts the lie to his claim of friendship with a slanderous insinuation regarding the circumstances of Wiley's death. Wiley drowned in a boating accident in Chesapeake Bay in August 1973. He was on a joyful outing with his two small children in his ramshackle boat when a make-shift railing collapsed and he fell overboard into the stormy sea. The heavy swells rapidly carried the boat away. Moynihan refers to the drowning, but first links it to an incident that occurred more than a year earlier when a hostile group taunted Wiley about his white wife ("talking black and sleeping white"). Wiley had been taunted and cheered and booed for years; it was part of the life of a movement leader. Still, Moynihan writes, "I don't know how he could have taken that and possibly he didn't. He drowned in Chesapeake Bay in the summer of 1973."

With these lines, Moynihan casts a shadow over the death of a man who in life had been his political enemy. Why they were political enemies is clear enough. George A. Wiley was a leader of black poor people in America, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan has been one of their cleverest and most articulate assailants.

Frances Fox Piven
Richard A. Cloward

Frances Fox Piven and *Richard A. Cloward* are the authors of *Poor People's Movements: Why They Succeed, How They Fail* (Pantheon).

•

In reply:

This letter seems to me so *ad hominem* as to preclude any useful general purpose in responding. I return to my theme that there is a problem of rhetoric surrounding the issue of welfare reform. I am altogether convinced that George Wiley was entirely straightforward when he assured me, as he did on a half dozen occasions, that his opposition to FAP was tactical and that in the end we would compromise. But in the end his rhetoric had created pressures upon him which made it impossible for him to compromise. The Kotz's narrative is entirely consistent with this interpretation. Much of this same ritual abuse is now being directed to President Carter's welfare reform proposal. I don't doubt that some of those involved feel they are merely establishing negotiating positions, but it is a risky enterprise.

Readers might wish to be referred to a memoir of George Wiley which I published in the April 1975 issue of *Crisis*, the journal of the NAACP.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

TRB, *from page 2*

In other words, Republicans al certainly will win seats this Noven the question is how many.

I don't think it is unfair to put it way. The theory is simple: a victor president normally carries in Cong men on his coat-tails; the opposing p recaptures them and perhaps othe the bounce-back two years later—w is the reaction that we see even eroding Carter's prestige. It is a kin mid-term exasperation quotient. He the score for the last five mid-t elections. In 1958 (Eisenhower) Den rats won 49 new seats. In 1962 (K nedy) Republicans won only 2 s which was, of course, a blow. In 1 (Johnson) another reporter and I cussed midterm statistics with President: first he boasted that Der crats would defy precedent in any ca later he abruptly called off a 10-st campaign tour, presumably not wish o be associated with the coming defe Republicans won 47 seats. In 1 (Nixon) Democrats won 9; in 1974 (af Nixon's resignation) 43. That's average, under TRB's law, of 30 seats won't make too much difference anyw if the GOP does win 28 seats t November; Democrats will still ov whelmingly control Congress, 259 176. (But will they vote with th president?)

Grover Cleveland, in the middle of second term (1894) lost 120 seats record for the course. General Eis hower in 1954 was one of the ma presidents who mistakenly thou they could break the tradition. " threw himself into the most active r in all probability," said his biograp Robert Donovan, "that a President l ever undertaken in an off-year electio "Democratic control of Congress," charged, would mean "a cold war partisan politics." Nixon egged him and flew 26,000 miles raising Communist taunt. It was "McCartl ism in a white collar," sneered Ac Stevenson. Democrats won anyhow, seats, and Eisenhower sighed on electi eve, "Golly, sometimes you sure tired of all this clackety-clack."

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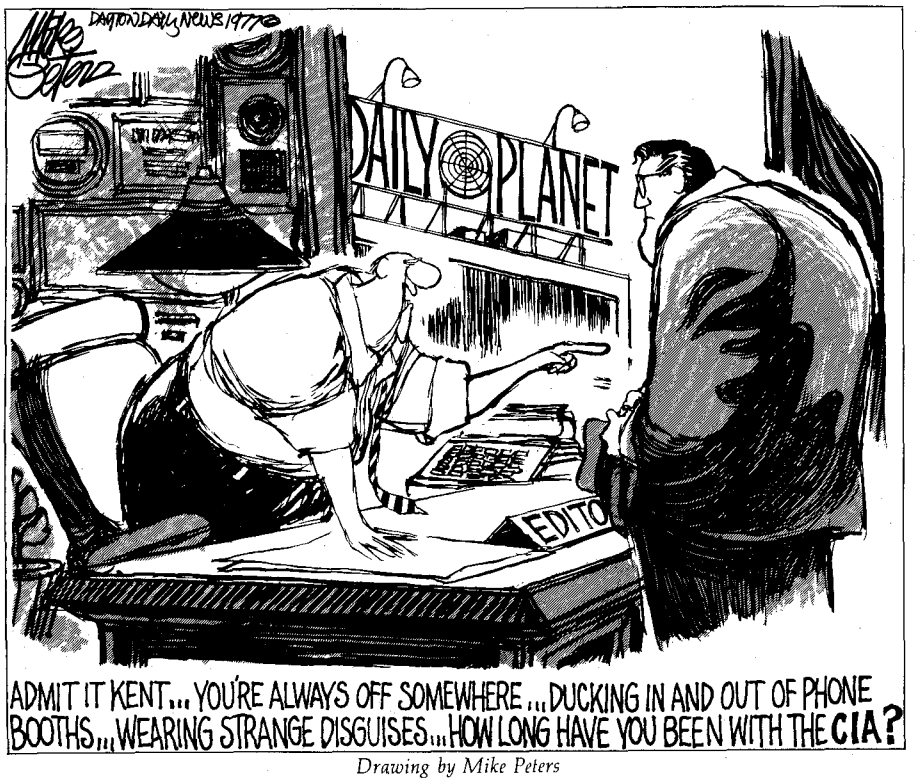
Washington Diarist

Disinformation

As propaganda machines go, the CIA seems to be one of the less efficient ones on the market. It is bulky, expensive and clumsy, so much so that it often accomplishes the opposite of what it intends. In critical moments in the past when it wanted to drum up a bit of "disinformation"—the CIA's word for a lie—it has tripped over its own cleverness and done in the very causes for which it was working. The deceptions that have come to light recently do not seem to have affected the course of events, however much they were meant to do so. They look instead like squirmy little evasions. CIA people usually answer this kind of criticism by saying that their best work is the kind one never learns about. Perhaps so, but none of the evidence we have now confirms that claim.

The New York Times published an extensive report in December on some of the CIA's efforts at propaganda-making, with special emphasis on the agency's dabblings in the book business, its seduction of foreign reporters and its infiltration of the overseas staffs of American newspapers and magazines. Much of what the *Times* reported was familiar. But it was still impressive to see stories, old and new, gathered together in one place. The report sketched a picture of an earnest band of civil servants, storming around the world, spending freely, corrupting the press but accomplishing not very much.

What amazes me today is not the sinister aspects but the silly extravagance of the project. Here I have some firsthand knowledge. One of the names that appeared in the *Times's* list of agents, a recruiter of disaffected Communist writers, lived in my neighborhood when I was a child. I did not know then what I do now, that his assignment to go to Europe as a book editor in the early 1960s was in fact a mission to search for propaganda in the raw form of unpublished manuscripts, and then to get them published. I do remember clearly the stories brought back by the children, who were my age: the first-class trip across the Atlantic on the luxury liner *France,* skiing in the Alps, the lovely house in Switzerland with its cherry orchard on a hill, the adventures on the lake, the good food and wine—pleasures the daddy was fond of calling "the finer things in life." (Unknown to daddy, the children adopted the phrase and used it when they smoked cigarettes in secret.) I do not know what works of Slavic fiction the daddy rescued from the Reds, but I know that he had fun doing it.


DAILY PLANET
ADMIT IT KENT... YOU'RE ALWAYS OFF SOMEWHERE ...DUCKING IN AND OUT OF PHONE BOOTHS ...WEARING STRANGE DISGUISES ...HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WITH THE CIA?

Drawing by Mike Peters

Was it worth it to the United Stat have supported our man in Genev three years or so? No, probably not he certainly did not damage Amer reputation while he was there. The s cannot be said for the agents who t to plant and sometimes succeede planting stories in local papers abr Their contribution to the Cold effort has helped to discredit the pre the underdeveloped countries and made it almost a sacrilege for journal in those countries to write anyth benign about the US.

There is nothing new about repor doing double service as spies, of cou A friend who was doing some resea in the British Public Record Of recently came across a letter fr Arnold Toynbee, who was at the t touring Turkey as a correspondent the *Manchester Guardian,* addressed Harold Nicolson, then in the Fore Office. It was a rather thorough telligence report, repeating in detail information Toynbee had gathe while chatting with Greek military civilian officials. Presumably it c tained more useful stuff than Toynb news dispatches, or he wouldn't h bothered to write it. No one would h been upset had the letter been m public back then, but today it wo surely provoke a censure from sc committee or another.

The home town of propagan Washington, DC, seems to have ente the new year in a disillusioned mo Whether this is so because it swallowed an overdose of its o medicine or simply run out of the dru can't tell. Three friends declared at turning of the year that they were fed with the city. Two were lawyers, on government official. The one who l brooded longest spoke of the isolat and sterility of working at the mid level in a town full of middle levels very little else. He objected to the ra consciousness of the place. He wanted get out, escape the abstractions of t clerk's city. But of course he never w

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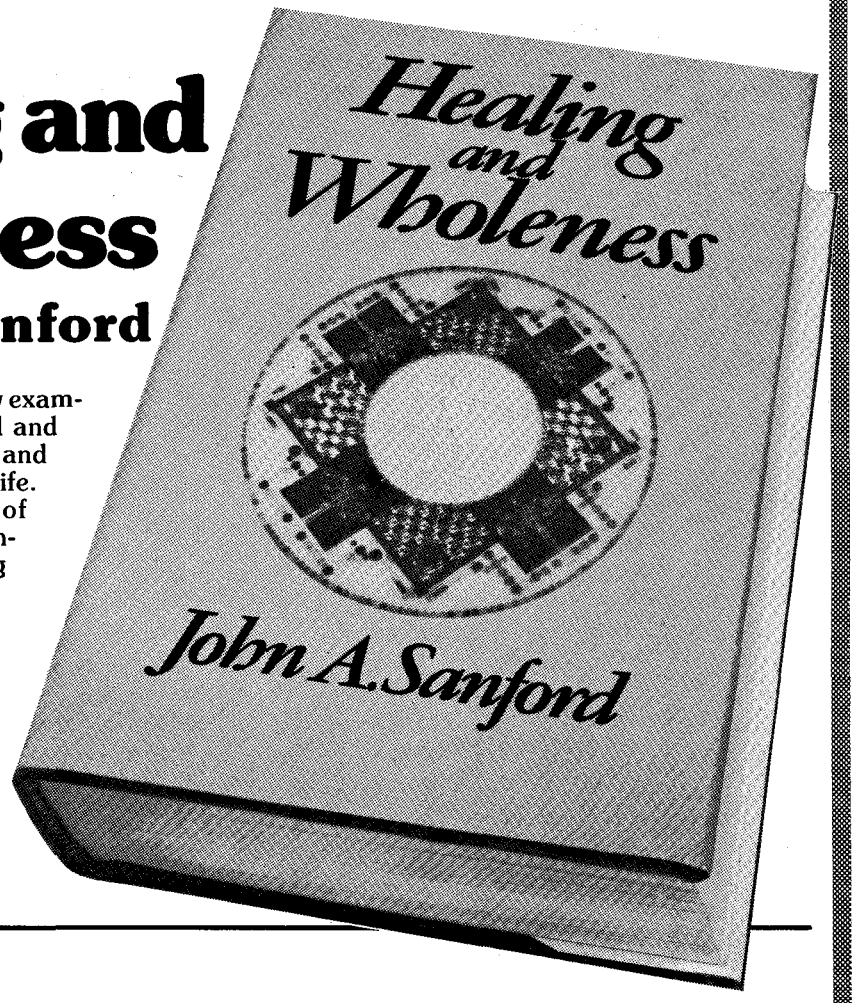

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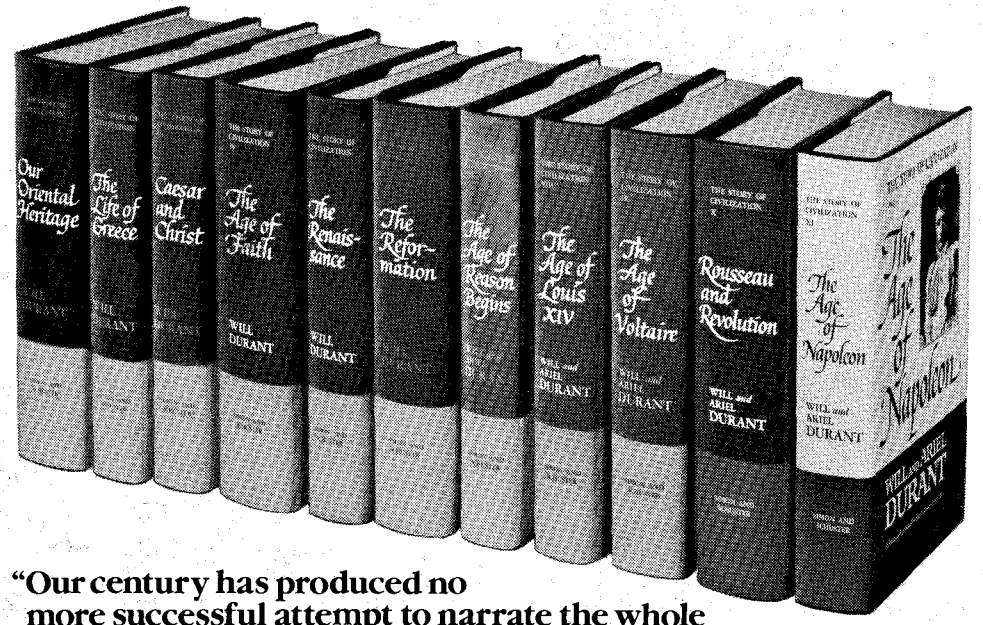

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